JULY 1, 1972

Saturday Review

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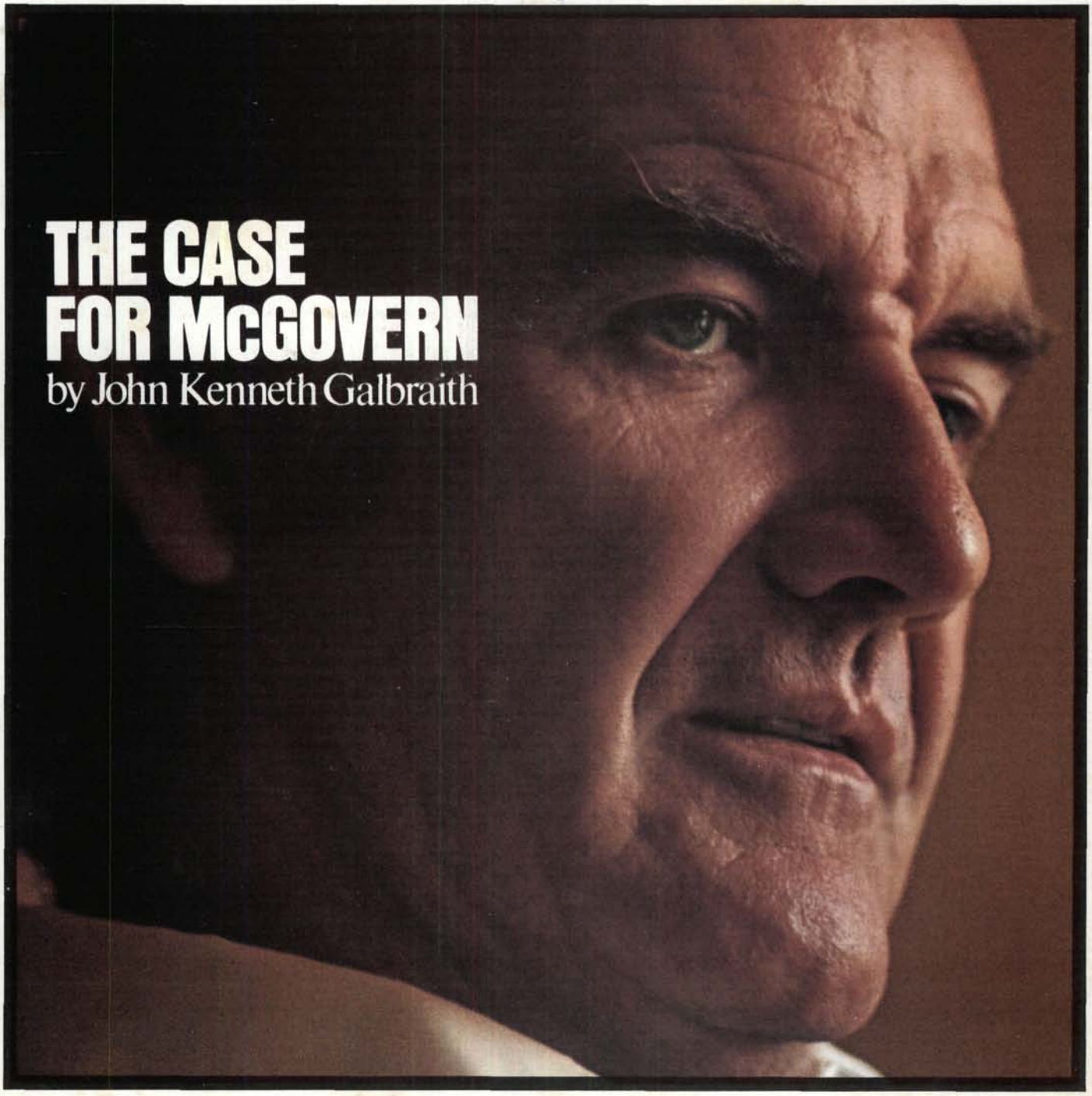

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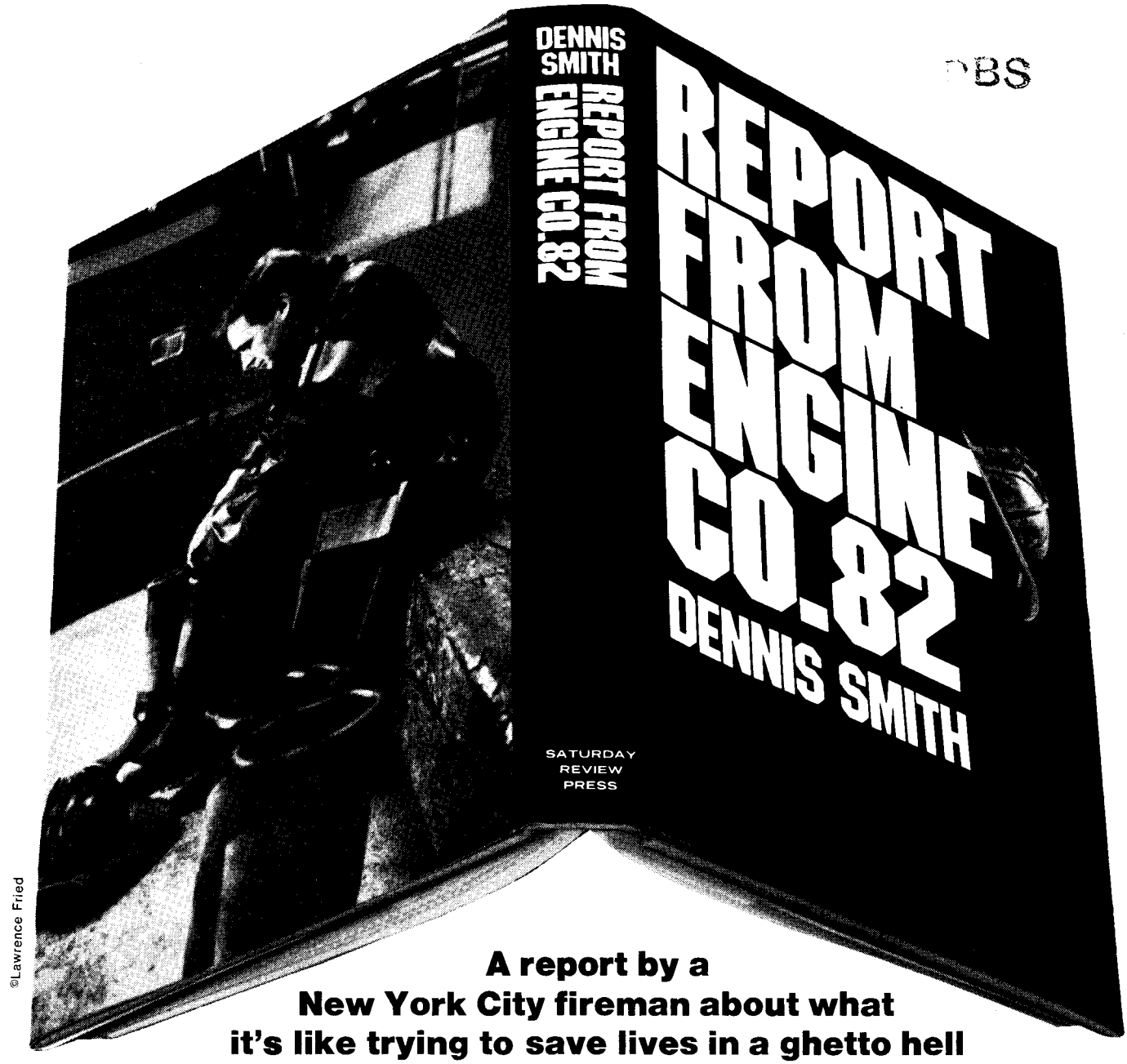

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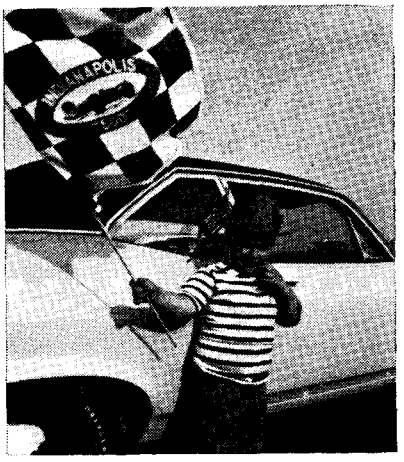

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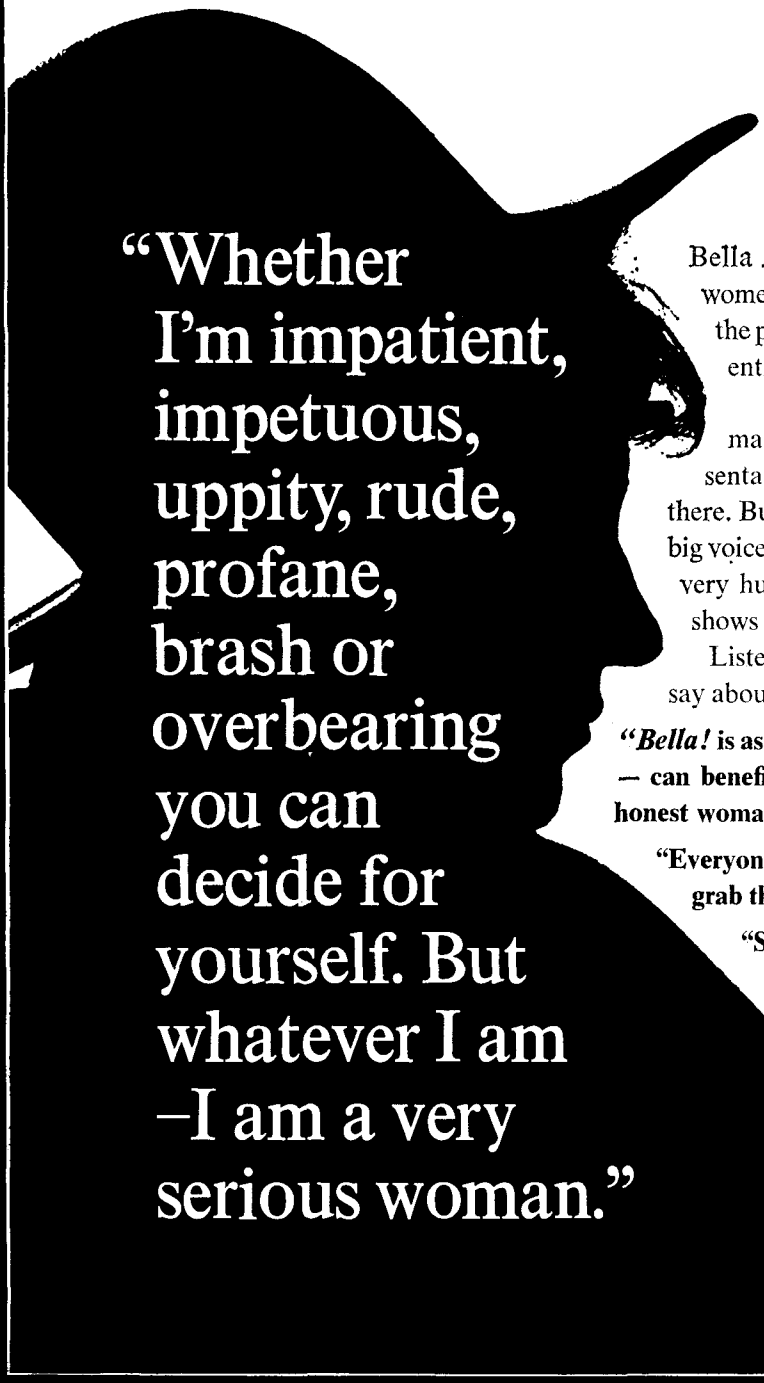

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There are times for most of us when everything just seems to get to be too much, when we can't handle all we've got going. It's the complexity of modern society that's to blame, that and the careless way we're all over-extended. One man we know has found a way to cope. His name is L. Rust Hills and he has written a book called: How To Do Things Right: *The Revelations of a Fussy Man.*

This is the "how-to" book to end all "how-to" books. We've known Rust Hills over the years (he was fiction editor at the *Saturday Evening Post* and is now with *Audience*) as someone "in" publishing —had many a long lunch with him discussing promising new writers —and found him likable and amusing at parties. But nothing prepared us for how we nearly broke our sides laughing at his detailed instructions on "How to Eat an Ice Cream Cone" or "How to Eat Milk Toast." There is a quality of agreeable self-mockery here that reminded me of Benchley delivering his famous serious lectures.

Furthermore, there's a completely unobtrusive seriousness to a lot of these essays—"Delight in Order," for example, and "How to Solve America," "How to Cut Down on Smoking and Drinking Quite So Much," and some others. It may be that Thomas Berger (author of *Little Big Man* and a very witty man himself) was right when he wrote us: "This is a very deceptive book. Its extraordinary charm tends to conceal its very remarkable wisdom."

Be that as it may, the book is funny, funny, funny. Editors around the office are still laughing when they recall the section on "How to Organize a Family Picnic (and Keep It That Way)" where in the middle of the countdown to the ETD (Estimated Time of Departure) the whole family is made to practice getting into the car—a dry run to prove they can carry everything that everyone insists on bringing. I plan to take a copy of the book as a house present everywhere I go this summer.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

How To Do Things Right ($4.95), by L. Rust Hills, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at Bishop's Corner, West Hartford, Conn. 06117.

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SR
UP FRONT

JULY 1, 1972

Interim Report on the Outcome of the Guaranteed Income

BY ROBERT S. GALLAGHER

JERSEY CITY, N.J.—The guaranteed annual wage was not invented here but, like a lot of other things, such as the paper ballot, the concept was exploited to an outrageous extreme by the late Frank ("I am the law") Hague, whose Democratic bastion behind the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor became a national synonym for municipal corruption. Mayor Hague's personal war on poverty—which he waged from 1917, when he was elected, until 1947, when he was ousted—consisted of enlarging the local government's payroll until just about every family was represented. In Hague's heyday six different police forces patrolled each other, the supervisors at the parks and playgrounds outnumbered the children, and every block, so it seemed, had its own "sidewalk inspector," who doubled as the friendly neighborhood committeeman.

Things are quite different today. For instance, until two weeks ago the 189 Jersey City families on the dole received their payments directly from the federal government, via the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO). They were among the participants in a carefully structured, three-year experiment to determine, among a variety of questions, whether an annual income guarantee would prompt, as some influential members of Congress fear, the urban poor to quit the labor force. Hence, there were no restrictions, as to work or otherwise, on the payments, which ranged, for a family of four, from $1,843 to $4,606.

What will happen to the poor after three years of handout from Uncle Sam?

Hague would never have permitted anything like this. "Three hundred and sixty-four days I work for you," the mayor thundered at his loyal legions every election eve. "Tomorrow I want you to go out and work for me." And hard work it was, as anyone who has ever voted a graveyard can tell you. That Hague's work reference was cast largely in terms of precinct-voting results ("It's not how you vote that counts," as one local cynic observed, "but how you count the votes") should not obscure his unwavering dedication to the American tradition of rewarding effort and penalizing sloth, which is the operating premise of the nation's current welfare system. The ideological gap between Hague's determination to help the poor help themselves (and him) and the more contemporary perspective of the OEO—a direct attack on the actuality of poverty—is precisely the philosophical distance that Congress has been challenged to travel by President Nixon's controversial welfare-reform program, which has twice cleared the House but not the Senate Finance Committee.

"When our experiment started back in

Author and former newspaperman, Robert S. Gallagher briefly ran the poverty program in Jersey City.

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1968," David Kershaw explained to me over coffee in his air-conditioned office outside Princeton, thirty-eight linear miles and several attitudinal light-years from Jersey City, "we considered the whole concept of income maintenance quite revolutionary, something that was maybe decades away. Then the President surprised everyone with his welfare program, and our staff took on a sort of missionary zeal." Kershaw is the twenty-nine-year-old vice president of Mathematica, Inc., the urban opinion-survey firm contracted to operate and analyze the New Jersey Graduated Work Incentive Experiment. The first phase of the $5-million project, begun in August 1968, involved eighty-six low-income families in Trenton, the state capital. The emphasis was on complete family units, so that the impact of financial assistance on marital stability could be studied. (It does not appear to have had much effect).

To enlarge the statistical base, Mathematica subsequently extended the benefits to 638 more families in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and the Paterson-Passaic and Jersey City areas of New Jersey. (The Trenton payments ended ten months ago, and in Paterson-Passaic last January. Jersey City's participants received their final checks last month, and the thirty-six-month Scranton program, which was added to fulfill the goal of ethnic balance between white, black, and Spanish-speaking families, will close in September.) Another 489 poverty-stricken families were enrolled in a special "control" group, which was paid a small filing fee for reporting income and submitting to the same exhaustive quarterly interviews, against which the researchers will measure the validity of the data collected from the participating families.

Mathematica will devote a year to running its data through the computer. "Frankly," said Kershaw, "we don't anticipate that the final results will vary a great deal from the preliminary findings we produced early in 1970 for Congress during its first debate on the Nixon reform program." That initial report, which so impressed Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee that he moved the Nixon program through the lower chamber, showed conclusively that the families receiving the federal income assistance continued to work at least as hard as the families without the extra money.

Demonstrating the absence of work disincentive, however, is not the same as proving that the payments stimulated the poor to improve their economic situations. The "incentive" aspect of the experiment consisted of a negative income tax. It works this way: A family was promised a certain amount of money, based on Census Bureau estimates of poverty-level income. For a family of four at the start of the program this meant $3,300 (annual inflation adjustments boosted the amount to the present $3,848). If the family's guarantee was set at 50 per cent and it had no other income, it received, by special arrangement with Internal Revenue, $1,650 in twenty-six equal tax-free payments. A "negative tax" percentage was arbitrarily assigned to the family's "other" income. If the tax was 30 per cent and the family earned $1,000, then $300 was deducted from the federal assistance. When the family's earnings matched the guarantee, the assistance stopped, but until the break-even point the family benefited by increasing its "other" income.

"You can argue that the more money a family is allowed to keep, the greater its incentive to make more money, but until you test it in the field, it remains a theory."

"You can sit around for months arguing that the more money a family is allowed to keep, the greater its incentive to make more money," said Kershaw, "but until you test it in the field, it remains a theory. We expected the families with the highest guarantees and the lowest 'tax' to work harder at increasing their incomes, and they have. And it seemed logical to us that, as a family approached its break-even point and faced the loss of the extra federal monies, its economic growth would slow down, and it has. About the only adverse effect we've noticed is a tendency on the part of the wives in the participating group to reduce their work hours, probably so they can spend more time with their children. But it's statistically obvious now that the poor are committed to the national work ethic."

That the nation's urban poor want to improve their condition must be gratifying to political arch-conservatives, although they undoubtedly have misgivings about the negative income tax. The late Mayor Hague, who would have regarded it as un-American, favored the concept of a straight salary, secure but small (although a few politicians—notably Hague himself—were thrifty enough to bank millions more than they were paid).

The mayor also had an aversion to taxes, affirmative or negative, on his "other" income and spent his twilight years basking in the Miami sun. His successors, neither as efficient nor as fortunate, have recently run afoul of federal grand juries prodded on by a Republican administration in Washington, and now take their ease in the less tropical confines of the federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

Against such a long-standing backdrop of pervasive corruption, Jersey City seemed an unlikely location to test the representative reactions of the urban poor, and I said as much to Kershaw. "We are certainly aware of the city's reputation and were," he admitted, "nervous about going in there. But I talked to the city's top officials, who were worried about the fact that Jersey City wasn't getting its share of federal aid. I warned them that, if anyone tampered with our program, we would pull out. I guess they considered us small potatoes, because no one ever bothered us. Actually, the only thing different that we noticed about Jersey City was the racial tension and suspicion. People seemed very reluctant to talk. I recall that during our selection interviews, for example, one white man told a Puerto Rican on our staff that he only talked to Americans."

Later I spoke to Sheila Jones, the program's office manager in Jersey City, who confirmed Kershaw's impression. "I won't say our project has helped ease the city's ethnic tensions. We don't have that many families enrolled, and in many instances their own neighbors don't even know about their participation. But just the other day one of the white participants confided to our interviewer that some of his friends were sorry now that they had refused to talk to the colored person who came around originally." Mrs. Jones insisted that, while the city's intense political atmosphere might have made the families more suspicious at the start, "Once they got to know us, once they realized that, unlike the established welfare system, we were not using the payments to coerce them into anything, we didn't have any problems communicating. Besides," she said, breaking into a laugh, "with my braids and buck teeth, I guess I just don't look much like a government bureaucrat.

Her main concern now, Mrs. Jones told me, was the potentially devastating impact on the families of the program's termination. "I've got about twenty-five families whose only source of income was our project. I can tell you, they are suffering real anguish, and I feel it, too. There just aren't many support agencies operating in this city that I can refer them to. You'd think they'd be bitter but,

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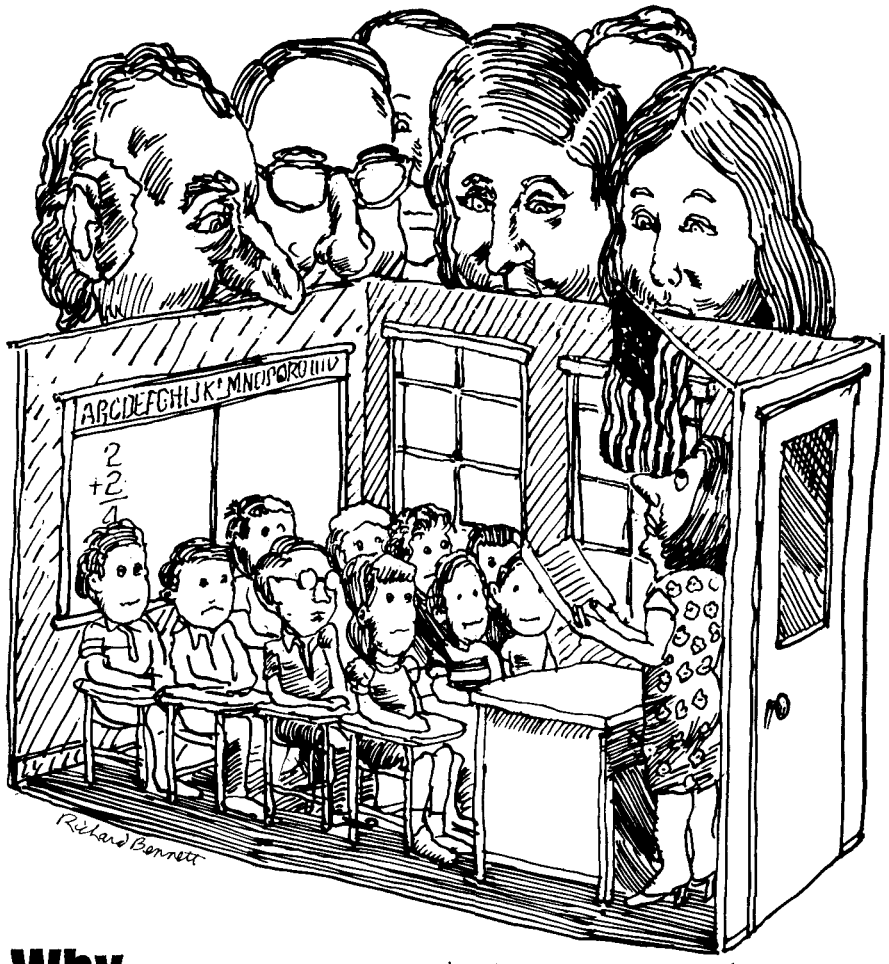
curiously, most of them are really grateful for the three years the program did run. In many ways, mainly psychologically, their lives have been permanently changed—and, I think, for the better. But this has to hurt. And yet, despite their own troubles, many of them are quite sympathetic toward *me*. They know I'm expecting my fourth child in November, and they know that my job also ends with this project."

Back in Princeton, I asked Kershaw about the ethical dilemma of temporarily changing the living habits, the financial expectations, of more than 700 low-income families. "In the beginning," he said, "we were terrified by the implications. You see, there always exists a tension between ethics and research. No one ever questioned the importance of this data, and eventually it could have a far-reaching impact on the treatment of our nation's poor. Now, this research might have been slightly more valid if we hadn't told anyone that the program would definitely end in three years. But, ethically, we couldn't do that, so we had to incorporate a 'time-horizon' factor into the program and adjust the results accordingly.

"When the Trenton benefits ended, we converted the project office into a service center to help the participants make the transition. To our amazement, none of them ever came to us for help. But the benefits were much lower in Trenton compared with, say, Jersey City, where some of the families have received up to 125 per cent of poverty-level income. We are very concerned about what is going to happen to them."

One thing they are not going to experience, according to Kershaw, is any immediate relief from Congress in the form of an income-maintenance program. Despite the mounting statistical evidence that there is no work disincentive and that more employment options are open to the poor under a negative-income-tax program, Kershaw remains pessimistic about the chances for effective welfare reform by Congress in the near future. He is convinced that the project's preliminary data had a definite impact on the House, but he doubts that even the final results will be enough to sway the *status quo* sentiments on the Senate Finance Committee, which, he feels, is "perfectly capable of reinventing the square wheel." Kershaw went on to say: "We can study this concept backward and forward; we can realistically estimate the costs and provide the technicians with all sorts of operating and organizational procedures. But, in the end, it all comes down to whether or not Congress decides to alter the basic philosophy of our treatment of poverty and the poor. I just wish I could be more optimistic—but I can't."



A lot of Main Street residents are not at all happy with the way things are going in the schools.

Why Miss Downey Wants to Cut the Budget

BY BARRY TARSHIS

IRVINGTON, N.Y.—Had the school budget not been voted down five days before, the Board of Education of Irvington-on-Hudson probably would have held its spring public meeting in the upstairs conference room of the Main Street School in this leafy Westchester, New York, village. But, figuring that a lot of people would be anxious to find out what the board intended to do—dump some teachers, cut out interscholastic sports, drop courses, or what?—the board president, Robert Citarell, decided to conduct the proceedings in the Main Street School's much larger auditorium, a lusterless, gray-and-yellow barn of a room with space for about 200 folding chairs.

Citarell is a lean, low-keyed TWA executive in his late thirties, who before the meeting looked like a man on his way to a funeral. "Between putting the budget together and trying to hire a new superintendent," he said, "the five of us have been meeting four and five times a week, even on weekends." Then he added, less with bitterness than with regret, "It used to be kind of exciting, working on the school board, but lately we're so bogged down with negotiations and with budget we don't have the time really to get involved with the inner workings of the school—with *improving* things."

Robert Citarell's attitude, of course, is not unusual among suburban school board members. Years ago in a district like Irvington (population, 5,800)—and thousands like it across the country—school budgets were passed routinely; school board elections drew no more than a handful of voters; and the most controversial issue usually involved what sort of cookies to serve the PTA. Suddenly, however, the schools themselves have become the crux of controversy, and budget defeats have become the rule, rather than the exception. Not surprisingly, the principal cause is the dizzying rise of local property taxes, particularly where,

Barry Tarshis is a freelance writer whose children attend the Irvington schools.

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to meet the demands of a growing population, communities have been forced to enlarge or build new school facilities.

There are other forces at work, not least the shifting sociological and economic patterns in numerous suburban areas. Many educational specialists who have long advocated reform of school-funding machinery find encouragement in the Supreme Court's interest in examining the whole question of property taxes—but, if Irvington is any criterion, tax reform is only part of the solution.

The Irvington meeting began, as usual, a few minutes past eight. After a hasty, monotone report by the board secretary concerning recent correspondence, Mr. Citarell turned the floor over to the soon-to-be-retiring chief administrator of the Irvington school system, Dr. Philip Sanborn. A somewhat shorter than average but vigorous-looking man in his early sixties, Dr. Sanborn dealt principally with teachers' requests for time off and expense reimbursements for conferences and symposia taking place that month. Only one matter drew discussion: a question of board approval of several staff appointments for next fall ("I've got a teacher in Illinois who wants to know whether he should sell his house"), but the appointments were tabled until the budget could be settled. Dan Morgan, business administrator of the school district, read for board approval a list of maintenance jobs and the bids that had been received. Here, too, only one item inspired real discussion: the job of cleaning the windows in Irvington's three schools, the lowest bid on which had been $3,400. "Hell, thirty-four hundred dollars is one-third of a teacher," said Bob Haynes, who has been on the Irvington school board for six years. "Let the kids look out of dirty windows."

The business portion of the meeting completed, Robert Citarell threw discussion open to the floor. A middle-aged woman in a gray dress urged the board, whatever it decided, to eliminate to achieve an "austerity" budget, not to drop interscholastic sports. "Both my boys," she said, with a catch in her voice, "played varsity sports when they went to Irvington High School, and I think it would be a crime if the boys in the school today couldn't receive the guidance of the wonderful men in the Irvington athletic department." Her remarks drew the evening's first round of applause.

A lawyer quizzed the board for several minutes about state funds that the district was not taking advantage of. "It's true we lost some state funds this year," a confused Dan Morgan explained, "but that's because our enrollment dropped." "I see," the lawyer said, not entirely convinced. A well-tailored man who looked as if he'd just stepped off the 8:20 from Manhattan made the observation that if every student kicked in $10 for his own school supplies, the budget could be reduced by some $170,000. This idea stimulated some audible interest throughout the room, until someone on the board remarked that 1,700—the approximate number of students in the Irvington school system—times 10 was, not $170,000, but $17,000.

"Dr. Sanborn, it's my understanding," began a conservatively dressed and fidgety man in his mid-thirties, "that the maximum class load in this state is five classes per day, and yet some teachers in the high school teach only four classes and in some cases three. It seems to me that, if every teacher worked a full load, we could get along with fewer teachers, and that would save a lot of money."

"Teachers are not machines," replied Dr. Sanborn. "You don't necessarily improve their productivity by increasing work load. The high school teachers who have fewer classes have other responsibilities, such as department chairmanships. We've looked at this whole area of class load very carefully and have specifically designed it so that the students are getting a maximum-quality level of education."

"Nevertheless," said the man who posed the question, "it seems to me we should devise some sort of formula so we can be sure that we're getting maximum mileage out of each teacher."

"Formula!" Bob Haynes interrupted. "I don't know what you mean by 'formula.' We're trying to run a school system here that can meet *individual* needs. Should we get rid of a shorthand class because only twelve kids are in it? Should we get rid of advanced Latin because only eight kids sign up for it? This isn't a numbers game. It's a school system!"

"I agree with everything you say, Mr. Haynes," said another man. "We *do* have a school system, but one of the things I want my kids to learn in this school system is that Hitler and Mussolini came to power on the back of inflation. Now the people of this district have turned down your budget, and all we are saying to you is, 'Live within your means.'" A thunderous ovation.

Next a tall brunette in stylish slacks took the floor. She had, she said, moved to Irvington specifically because the elementary schools in the community she had deserted were overcrowded. "I've heard," she said, "that to save money you might cut out a first-grade teacher and consolidate the classes. First of all, I don't see that dropping one teacher is going to save all that much money, and, secondly, and I can tell you from experience, if you increase the class size by only three or four kids, it makes a big difference."

Although she spoke to the board at large, this young mother's remarks were directed specifically at Kathleen Downey, the only member of the school board who had announced opposition to the budget, a budget that had called for an increase of $300,000 in expenditures over the previous year's—95 per cent of it in the form of raises in teachers', administrators', and school personnel's salaries and benefits that are part of a contract negotiated two years before. Thus it meant a $5.30-per-thousand increase in the local property-tax assessment rate—which Miss Downey had been calling "excessive."

"My position all along," Miss Downey replied, "has been that we are spending entirely too much money on staff and that we can make reductions that will not have a direct impact on the children."

A man with a bull horn of a voice stood up and said, "Miss Downey, I am a budgetary man myself. So I can tell you that a philosophy is only as good as it works. Now you've stated your philosophy. Just how is it going to work?"

Kathleen Downey looked suspiciously over her half-framed glasses at her interrogator. A stocky, meticulously groomed woman of about sixty, with a moon-shaped face and silver-blond hair, she grew up on Main Street in Irvington. She never married and has spent virtually all her professional career in the New York City school system, first as a teacher and later as an administrator in an all-girl vocational high school in a deteriorating neighborhood in the Bronx. Miss Downey decided to run for the Irvington school board in 1970—the spokeswoman for a burgeoning flock of largely conservative and primarily Main Street residents.

Although part of their complaint had to do with taxes, some of them didn't approve of Dr. Sanborn's "It's-their-school-let-the-students-run-it" attitude and felt that recent heretical policies were being dictated too much by the "new people," the New Yorkers who used fancy words at school board meetings and didn't realize that a lot of their "radical" views stood a good chance of ruining what had always been a nice place to live. They also believed the teachers were being paid too much, which is to say, more than teachers were paid in the "old days," and this was the main reason for the high taxes that might force many retired people to move away. They didn't like those long-haired high school students demonstrating against the war, defiling the American flag, and inviting Black Panther leaders to speak at assemblies. They even suggested that police be stationed in the halls to prevent beer drinking and marihuana smoking. British open classroom or no British open classroom, they particularly didn't like the idea of first-graders run-

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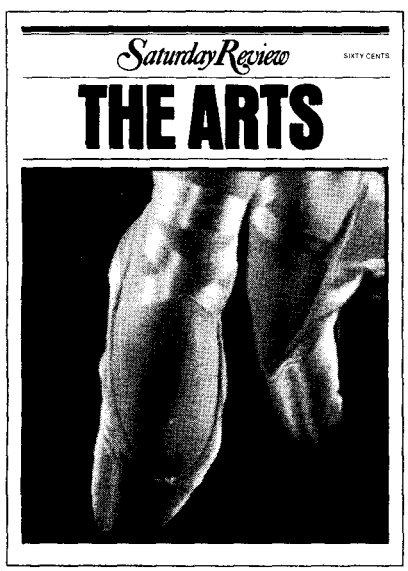

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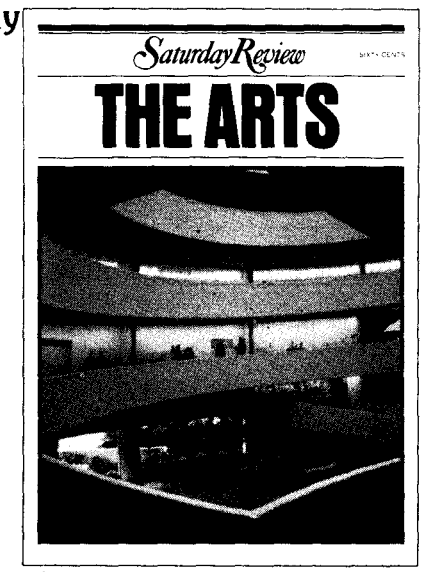

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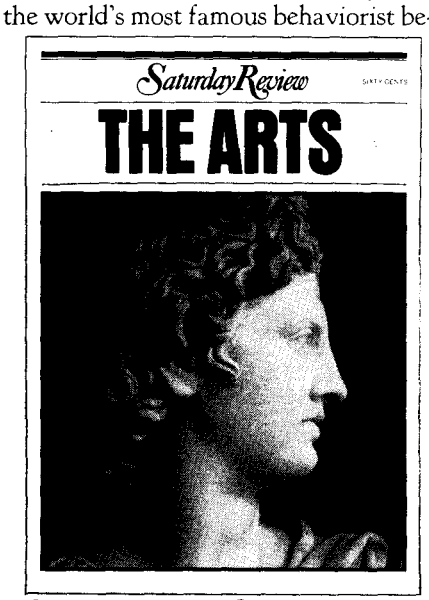

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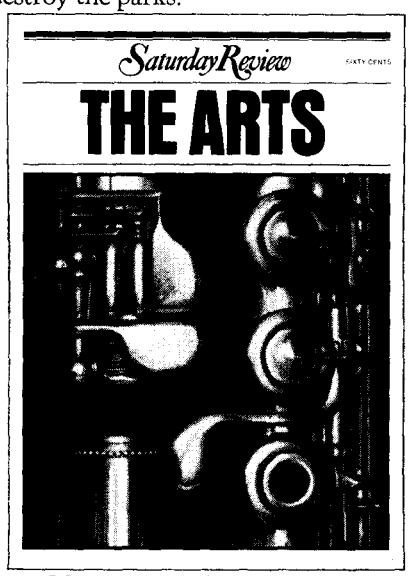

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ning loose and scrawling on school equipment with Magic Markers. Back to basics —that was the war cry of Miss Downey's campaign.

Miss Downey had been opposed in the 1970 election by a Jewish CCNY professor and a Protestant career woman, both of whom agreed that Miss Downey's election would be "catastrophic" for the schools. Neither of them, however, would drop out of the race even when it appeared certain that Kathleen Downey would win by a plurality—as it happened, 40 per cent.

"This budget," Miss Downey stated, carefully measuring each word, "isn't something we can decide overnight. The point is, we have teachers on our staff making more than twenty thousand dollars, and we have people in this village who cannot afford to pay higher taxes."

"That's all very true, Miss Downey," said a surgeon, the father of five children, once the applause had died down. "All that some of us are trying to find out is how you intend to cut out staff without having it affect the children."

"Well," replied Kathleen Downey, "this is exactly what I've been thinking about for weeks." Slamming his fist on the metal table, hard enough to mash a potato, Bob Haynes demanded to know why, "for the love of God," Miss Downey had waited so long to declare herself against the budget. "You were the chairman of the finance committee that drew up the budget, Miss Downey. But you never said a word against it until the last minute!"

Miss Downey blanched. *"That,"* she asserted in a voice thick with injury, "is not true, and you know it! There hasn't been a meeting at which I haven't stood up to complain about the spending that goes on in this school district. You know as well as I do that I was the first one to complain about the phone bills. Seventeen hundred dollars in one month! I never heard of such a thing."

Robert Citarell intervened and said the board would have to meet again in private session to try to come up with a new budget. He said he hoped it wouldn't be necessary to resort to an "austerity budget," which would bring in the state authorities to decide which of Irvington's programs were "essential." Then he adjourned the meeting.

Approximately two weeks ago a second budget was presented to the voters in the Irvington school district. It called for an increase in taxes approximately 25 per cent less than had been proposed in the original budget, which meant that a few local people would lose their maintenance jobs. Miss Downey opposed it —the only school board member who did—and the budget again went down to defeat, this time by about 160 votes. The board has elected to institute an austerity budget, but a new controversy has arisen over the ten teacher vacancies that were voted on and filled *before* the second vote. An angry group of voters has been talking about impeaching all the board members except Miss Downey and a newly elected member who shares her position and who won't assume office until the end of the term.

Meanwhile the Irvington baseball team is on its way to winning the state championship. It will be interesting to see if they get a chance to contend next year. □

Image, Image, on the Tube, Tell Me Who I Am

BY STUDS TERKEL

CHICAGO, Ill.—When Sammy Davis, Jr., appeared on the stage of Chicago's Arie Crown Theater in February to take part in Mahalia Jackson's funeral service, the hush that prevailed among the thousands of mourners was broken by a marveling murmur. There he was—fame in the flesh and friend of Sinatra! Moving up to the microphone, some ten feet away from the casket, Sammy reverently read a touching tribute to Mahalia: "She made a joyful noise unto the Lord," et cetera. At the conclusion of his reading, the performer paused, then softly intoned: "Signed, Richard M. Nixon." The applause poured in, wave after wave—enough to drown Pharaoh's army.

Having done his turn, Sammy apologized to the assemblage for "rushing off" and was escorted offstage by a White House courier. Again, applause. After all, it had been a skillful performance. That the President may never have heard Mahalia Jackson sing or that, if he did, he probably failed to grasp the meaning of "Move On Up a Little Higher," "Precious Lord," or "Hold On," was irrelevant. We in the audience had been graced by a celebrated presence trailing clouds of White House glory.

A few weeks ago I was hurrying down one of O'Hare Airport's endless corridors when I noticed an excited—indeed, exhilarated—black and white crowd clustered around a baggage-claim counter. Small fry, old folks, sky caps, and stewardesses were whispering, craning, peering, and pointing toward something behind me. I turned around. It was some*one*. An elderly man, all in white—suit, mustache, and goatee—was acknowledging the tribute. Genially he nodded; grandly he waved his cane. It was, of course, Colonel Sanders of Kentucky-fried-chicken fame.

For the anonymous millions, whose actual lives are somewhat less than finger lickin' good, there is a surrogate life to be daily lived. It certainly makes the day go faster for Donald, the doorman who watches comings and goings at a Loop office building. "Hey," he says with a fever to his usual monotone, "who was that just come in? I seen that face, I know." To Donald, whether the face is that of a politician, a businessman, an artist, a scientist, or a call-house madam makes no difference, so long as he's seen it on TV—preferably on a talk show. Two, three such winners a week and Donald has it made. For theirs are the faces that launch conversations, that help the faceless survive the day.

During the 1968 Democratic Convention the usual dog days of August came alive for many Chicagoans. They had occasion to brush against someone who had himself brushed against a celebrated shoulder. Thus I found myself at a neighborhood bar the day after Mike Royko—the author of *Boss*, a study of Mayor Daley—and I had appeared on the *Today* show. Suddenly, from the dim, far end of the bar, a voice bawled out: "Hey, you! I wanna talk to you." Then, out of the shadows emerged a patron with a John Connally jaw and a pair of Dick Butkus biceps. Reluctantly, and somewhat perversely, I moved toward him. Would the fifth of bourbon I happened to be packing provide enough of a protective strike, just in case . . . ? "Were you

Studs Terkel, the author of Hard Times, *is a radio-television personality famous for interviews with the noncelebrated.*

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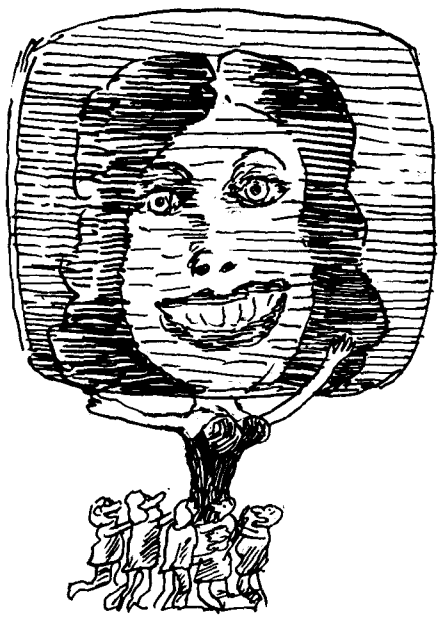

the guy on the *Today* show yesterday?" Oh-oh, I thought, here it comes. (Both Royko and I had made some unflattering remarks about Mayor Daley on the show.) He shoved his face close to mine. His breath was 200 proof. His hand lay heavily on my shoulder. Softly, reverently, he murmured, "What's Hugh Downs really like?"

Does it matter what is said as the watchers watch the watched? Does the anonymous man in search of an identity take in what I. F. Stone or Daniel Ellsberg or Colonel Herbert says on network TV? Probably not, as the man at the bar and other men in other bars have made clear to me over the years. It is the faces alone—including the face in the commercial—that are remembered.

Bert Lahr's last days were spent in a glow of fame he had never before experienced. Yet Lahr was unhappy: His usual discontent was compounded by profound bewilderment and dismay. On the streets he was recognized not as the magnificent clown of musicals nor as the Cowardly Lion of *The Wizard of Oz*—certainly not as the Estragon of Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. No, he was saluted by passing strangers as the man who couldn't stop eating Lay's potato chips on the TV commercial.

Awe of celebrated people did not, of course, come into being suddenly with the invention of radio or television. It's been around ever since Born Losers were many and Successes few. Technology has merely brought these opposites closer together. This propinquity, however, by heightening the Loser's illusory delight in sharing in the life of a somebody, has diminished his sense of self.

The impact of the various media has made itself felt not only in the home but in the auditorium, in the bleachers, at the poker table, and . . . well, everywhere. Cases in point follow.

■ A few years ago, when hawks were many and doves few, Nelson Algren and a gentleman from Taiwan debated at a midwestern town forum. The subject was Vietnam. Algren condemned our adventure as barbaric and obscene. He received tumultuous applause. The gentleman from Taiwan praised our mission as man's last, best hope. He, too, received tumultuous applause—*from the very same members of the audience*. Were these listeners responding to what was said, or were they paying homage to two celebrated visitors? Algren, they were aware, had written a novel, *Man With the Golden Arm*. That it had won the National Book Award was one thing; that it had been made into a film starring Frank Sinatra was something else again. The gentleman from Taiwan, they were aware, had been acquainted with Douglas MacArthur. Sinatra and MacArthur would undoubtedly have brought down the house. In the meantime their stand-ins deserved a good hand, regardless of where they stood on foreign policy issues.

■ A variation of the Cheer-the-Celebrity-No-Matter-What-He-Says theme was observed and duly noted by columnist Garry Wills, while following George Wallace's Florida primary campaign:

> Wallace even gets a hand when he tries to be judicious, giving arguments pro and con till the pendulum motion of his talk leads him to introduce a new point this way: "Foreign aid—there's another thing I'm for and against." And damned if they don't applaud him for that line!

■ While sunning myself in the bleachers of Wrigley Field last summer, I saw Ron Santo strike out. A full thirty seconds after it had happened, the fan next to me, a transistor glued fast to his ear, turned and said: "Santo struck out." I asked him how he had found out so fast. "Lou Boudreau just announced it," came the snappy reply. (Boudreau was a fast shortstop, but as a sportscaster he is somewhat less than nimble.) My companion had come to trust the magic box above his own eyes. And he told me his vision was 20/20.

■ Several Chicago winters ago I sat in on a poker game at Nelson Algren's flat. Among the players were a busted policeman and a Menominee Indian refugee from Minnesota who insisted on being addressed as "Chief." I was introduced to the group as a disc jockey. They were visibly impressed. Came the dawn, the Indian and the ex-cop were big winners; the rest of us had lost our shirts. One of the heaviest losers wrote out a check and passed it across the table. Chief shook his head: "I don't know you. How do I know it ain't rubber?" I interjected, "It's okay, Chief." The big man looked at me and nodded. "If the disc jockey says it's okay with him, it's okay with me." The fact that my voice floated over the air waves made me a celebrity, which in turn lent my word authority.

■ Richard Speck, the twenty-four-year-old drifter who in 1966 murdered eight student nurses, recalls in his autobiography that while still at large in Chicago more than a week after committing the crime, he looked up at a TV set in a neighborhood tavern and there saw the face of O. W. Wilson, superintendent of police. "We're looking for a man named Richard Speck," Wilson announced. *At that moment,* Speck writes, he *knew* he had committed the murders. Publicly informed by a known somebody that he had done something, Speck, a nobody, knew it had to be so.

■ On a mean, slashing, wintry night, the talkative cab driver spoke of the weather as a reflection of his own sense of despair. The account he gave of his life was grim: His wife had left him, his kids had freaked out, his debts were overwhelming, his job insufferable, the human race damned. His voice was heavy, dulled. Suddenly, the subject of Vietnam having come up, his whole demeanor was transformed. His voice took on a righteous, furious tone as he boomed out: "Nixon's right! Let's bomb the hell out of those bastards. We've got to show 'em we're Number One!" A nothing by his own account, he was insisting that his surrogate—call it Nixon or Nation—be Number One, a celebrity who could do no wrong and whose grandeur would guarantee his own significance.

While America's millions seek their identity by sharing the lives of the televised few, Mike Fitzgerald, a steel-

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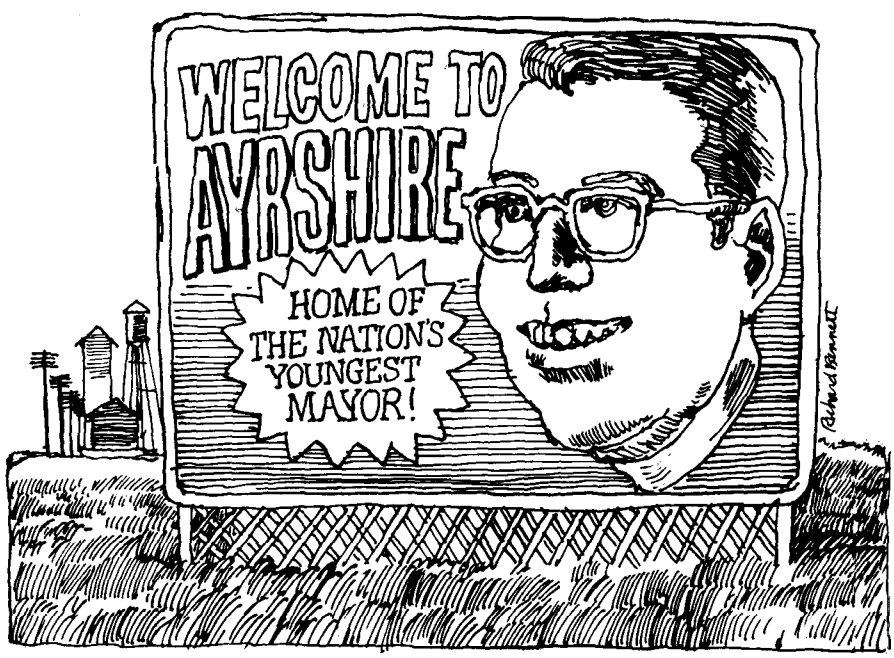
worker, suggests there may be a better way of establishing a sense of self. "Somebody built the pyramids," said Mike. "Pyramids, Empire State buildings —these things don't just happen. I would like to see a building, say the Empire State; I would like to see one side of it, say a foot-wide strip from top to bottom, list the name of every bricklayer, the name of every electrician who worked on that building—and the same with every building in every city. So when a guy walked by, he could take his son and say, 'See, that's me over there on the forty-fifth floor.' Everybody should have something to point to." □



"Jody's nobody's fool. He'll get a lot more done than an older man."

The Youngest Mayor

BY DAN CARLINSKY

AYRSHIRE, Iowa—I drove into Emmetsburg, the county seat of Palo Alto County, about ten o'clock one late spring evening and registered at the Suburban Motel. My real destination was Ayrshire, some dozen miles away, but there is no motel in Ayrshire. If you were to ask someone there for a hotel or motel, he would laugh at you.

The Bureau of the Census says there are 243 persons in Ayrshire, but townspeople know that's nonsense. Three big families have moved in since the census was taken two years ago, and surely that has upped the tally. But it isn't population that makes Ayrshire special. It's the mayor. The city has already ordered signs to explain about him, and if things go right they'll be posted on Route 314 by the time this story appears in print. They will read:

WELCOME TO AYRSHIRE
HOME OF THE NATION'S
YOUNGEST MAYOR

The Republican mayor of Ayrshire, Jody Smith, is nineteen. He was born on October 24, 1952, elected on November 2, 1971, and inaugurated on January 3, 1972. He was eligible to run for office because of last year's constitutional amendment allowing eighteen-year-olds to vote. Nationwide, lots of teen-agers ran for office, and a few of them won. Jody was the youngest mayor by four months.

I asked the ma and pa in the motel office for directions to Iowa Lakes Community College (where the mayor is a freshman), which turned out to be almost across the street, and to Ayrshire. "You must be going to see Jody," the pa said.

Early next morning I went to the college to look around a bit before I met Mayor Smith. I found a single, low, windowless, new brick building like hundreds of other post-high schools that in the past decade or two have sprung up around the country. At precisely 8:45, our scheduled meeting time, a 1971 Gremlin pulled into the parking lot and discharged its driver, a young man six feet, three inches tall, with glasses, short hair, and sideburns to the bottom of his ears. The tails of his yellow, striped shirt had found their way outside his trousers. His feet pointed to ten minutes to two. He didn't walk; he lumbered toward me. "I'm Jody Smith," he announced.

I followed Jody into the college building, watched him check some materials in his unlocked locker, and sat down with him in the student center, where he began telling me about his entry into politics.

"I watched the '64 conventions and the election on TV," he told me. "I stayed up all night to watch the returns. I was so young I doubt if I knew what the numbers meant, but I was fascinated. Each side would curse the other side; it was great. As a result, I'm interested in anything that has to do with government. By 1968 I was getting into debates at school about that election. There were quite a few good go-arounds and a straw vote. We Republicans got trounced: Nixon won only about a third of the votes.

"Then last July I read in *The Des Moines Register* that eighteen-year-olds could run for office, and I decided to file. The old mayor was Elmer Swanson, a retired farmer who'd been in office nine years. He hadn't done very much, but people seemed to be content to leave things as they were. He had never had any opposition. I think nobody else wanted the job. I campaigned door-to-door and told people I'd work hard for them, I'd get the streets fixed, I'd go to all the county meetings and not let the City Hall go to pot. The main thing I tried to do, though, was get people interested in voting. I don't know why, but people are only interested in state and national elections. The voters came out like they never did before: We had an eighty-eight per cent turnout. It would have been higher, but we have some college students who vote by absentee ballot, and the ballots weren't in on time, and there were some people away at a funeral. I know three people who voted for the first time in their lives. Election Day I predicted that I'd lose by ten votes, but I won, eighty-three to thirty-five."

At 9:30 the mayor excused himself and went to an algebra class.

An hour later he reappeared, and we agreed that he would split the time before his next class between me and his dime-a-game pinochle gang, which was already engaged in a heated game, punctuated with slapping cards and cursing voices. "Do you have any cards?" a student from another table yelled to Jody. "Nope," he called back. Then he confided to me, "I have a deck, but I'd never get 'em back."

I asked Jody to tell me what the mayor of Ayrshire did.

"There's not much you can do with a town of about two hundred and fifty," he began. "We're rewriting the city code,

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which dates way back to the 1800s. I've got a book of model ordinances from the state that'll be the basis for a new code; we'll just declare all the old ordinances null and void as of January 1, 1973. Right now we have a law regulating bowling alleys, but there's no bowling alley in town. We have a law saying you can't curse in front of a woman or child or you'll be fined twenty-five dollars. We *had* a ten-mile-an-hour speed limit passed in 1908, but we just raised it to twenty-five."

"We," I was told, means the mayor and a five-man council, bolstered by a clerk appointed by the council; an elected treasurer; a streets and utilities man, who is retired and was appointed by the mayor; and a marshal, who works days for a grocery wholesaler and was also appointed by the mayor.

Jody continued: "I've got a new clerk and I'm new, so it hasn't been easy. One of our first tasks was to prepare a financial statement to file with the state auditor. The old clerk was in the hospital, so he couldn't tell us anything, and we couldn't read his writing. We were completely lost. We misplaced thirty-one cents and spent three hours finding it. Next year it will be easier.

"The total budget is $25,000. We get $11,000 from water rent, $7,000 from property taxes, $3,700 from the state road-use tax, $300 from cigarette and liquor licenses, and $3,000 from various other sources. Some money comes from fines I levy. I'm a magistrate. I've fined two minors for drinking beer, but most of my cases are for speeding or going through the stop signs—there's a three-way stop at the main intersection in town. When the marshal or a state trooper catches someone, they have to find me. I'm a lot tougher than the previous mayor. If there's a stop sign, you stop.

"We buy our electricity, and the school board is separate, so they're not my worry. But we have our water tank—water is our biggest expense. And roads are important. That $3,700 a year from the road-use tax is used for spreading the hot oil for blacktopping, but last year the mayor didn't ever get the county crew to level the bumps out first. One of our streets is terrible.

"Then I worry about getting a civil defense van, and taking care of our fire engine, and getting new stop signs, and remodeling 'the shack'—that's City Hall, which was painted last time when I was about nine. I also chair the city council meetings on the first Monday of every month. I have the power to call extra meetings, but I never will. It costs $70 a meeting—$10 for each councilman and $20 for me. That's my salary, incidentally. It totals $240 a year. Enough to pay the insurance on my car."

Mayor Smith grabbed one of the hot dogs two college employees were serving out of a large picnic basket in a corner of the student center and headed for the pinochle table. He had a 1:30 class, and then he would return home to drive the second half of his daily school-bus route for Ayrshire Consolidated School, the school he had attended for thirteen years and in which he once had lost a race for student council president. We agreed that when he had turned in his bus, he would meet me at his father's filling station, where he puts in an afternoon now and then pumping gas and fixing flats. In the meantime, I decided, I would drive to Ayrshire to look at the city over which Jody presides as mayor.

Ayrshire, which covers 122 acres, is bisected by a single business street that is, in turn, crossed by a few residential streets. At one end of town, where a two-lane main highway begins, stands the mayor's father's gas station—Elmer's Gyp Joint. The area phone book devotes one-and-a-half pages to Ayrshire, including plenty of white space for letter divisions. According to the phone company, the businesses on the main drag have names like Cy's Seed Store, and Cox Hardware, and TV Servicing, but on the street you see "DeKalb Seed" and "Zenith." There are other business fronts: a small lumber and paint company, a tavern with a pool table, an office of the Palo Alto County State Bank, a café, a U.S. post office branch, an American Legion post, the Korner Kurl Beauty Shop, a couple of rotting vacant buildings, and a grocery. There is also a large, yellow Goodwill deposit box. Around the corner is City Hall, a converted brick-and-wood one-room schoolhouse that now has an attached garage for the fire truck. Looming behind the hall is the city's pride and joy: a silvery, 50,000-gallon water tower with a pointed blue cap and, on the side, the city's name in painted block letters.

Elmer's Gyp Joint, a two-pump station, keeps Jody's family comfortable, but it also keeps Elmer Smith busy for some thirteen hours a day. At 3:30 I met Jody, who had changed into a sleeveless, green T-shirt, torn gray pants, and filthy loafers for an afternoon's work.

Jody explained that he would earn an associate's degree in two years at ILCC, then transfer to some nearby four-year college to finish his bachelor's degree in government. If he could end up working in government, that would be fine. (He has been named to several state and national governmental commissions and a committee of the Republican party.)

As we sat on the step next to the pop machine, Jody acknowledged waves from passing cars and made small talk with customers. Nearly every visitor to the station pointed to the threatening skies and asked whether Jody thought the Ayrshire-Cylinder softball game would be played that night. Jody didn't much care because he wasn't scheduled to umpire; he had begged off because he had to finish painting City Hall.

He talked about money: the $25 he had paid for 500 pieces of "City of Ayrshire" stationery, the $6.30 he had been quoted for each of the sixteen-foot four-by-fours needed for new city signs, the $11 he had shelled out for a gallon of light-green latex paint for the evening's work. And he told of the time there was a fire in a barn outside of town—his mother heard the whistle and went out to see what was going on and didn't even wake her son, the mayor, who is also, it happens, assistant fire chief.

The rain didn't come for a while, so I watched a couple of innings of the softball game, during which a farmer in striped overalls told me: "Jody's nobody's fool. He'll get a lot more done than an older man. But he can only do so much, of course. He has to get things past the council."

Later in the evening, I stopped by at City Hall and came across the mayor and the clerk sprucing up their office. The clerk, Mrs. Jan Stowell, had brought the day's official mail: a contract from the National Tank Maintenance Corporation, calling for a payment of $375; a big Manila envelope from the county auditor, containing budget data; and a notice of the annual meeting of the Iowa Municipal Finance Officers. "A lot of things are happening with Jody as mayor," Mrs. Stowell told me. "Ordering signs, fixing the hall. *Nothing* ever went on before. After our first council meeting, the old council members were impressed. Before, they had just sat around and talked about the old days."

I barely had time to leaf through the magistrate's logbook (an 1896 court case: $5 fine for "disorderly conduct and leading horses on the sidewalk") and the doomed ordinances (from 1895: "Itenerent [sic] peddlers of patent medicines shall pay the sum of one dollar for each day of said selling or offering to sell") before Jody and Jan remembered that it had been a long time since they had checked the coin meter out back, where farmers can buy 280 gallons of Ayrshire's water for a quarter, twenty-four hours a day. While the mayor puttered around the fire engine, the clerk counted out the quarters into a large coffee can. "Wow!" she said when the counting was done. "It's $35.75. Do you think we're the only city that takes its deposits to the bank in a coffee can?" □

Dan Carlinsky's latest book is A Century of College Humor.

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Letters

The Southwest's Power Play

Re: Anthony Wolff's "Showdown at Four Corners" [*SR*, June 3]. Mr. Wolff's article on the degradation of the Four Corners area of New Mexico was a thought-provoking analysis. I appreciate the man's insight and hope more people of his conscience remain to tell of this blind stupidity. The eulogistic finale of the article leaves me with sorrow, for this study comes too late to undo the atrocities he detailed.

The Navajo and his tradition, however, are not the only sufferers at the polluting hands of the white man in the rural Southwest. The people of the San Luis Valley in southern Colorado, located but a few miles from the Four Corners area, also suffer some of the environmental insults Mr. Wolff described. While they are not caused by utility companies and now are not as severe, they are increasing in magnitude. Not many persons are aware of the problem, and even the June 3 issue of *SR* undoubtedly helped to perpetuate it.

Located two pages from Mr. Wolff's article was an advertisement by *Forbes* magazine accurately portraying the beauty of my valley and selling that beauty to investors across the country. I am a Chicano whose home is that valley. My people have resided here peacefully for over a century, having migrated from Santa Fe to create the oldest settlements in Colorado.

The one-century occupancy of the valley by my people, who are Spanish in heritage, has not even scathed the splendor of its mountains, and it has not disturbed the precious watershed they provide. But I am afraid that the beauty and simplicity of the region are going to be destroyed.

For years I have looked on, until now never fully comprehending the implications, as fly-by-night realtors entered Costilla County to purchase land on the valley floor at dirt-cheap prices for marketing by mail and magazine advertisement. I never feared the impact of their efforts. The blight of sectioning swaths cut across the valley floor was tolerable. The valley floor is arid, and the sagebrush was unattractive to anyone but local inhabitants too poverty-ridden to purchase land themselves. The natural isolation of the valley also removed the appeal of building a home there. The meager rainfall made expensive drilling of wells a prerequisite to any developing. The attractiveness of the Sangre de Cristo Range, which surrounds the vast floor of the valley, was refused realtors and investors alike by private ownership of large ranches located in these mountains. In addition to these obstacles, the advertisements placed by these realtors occupied only the back pages of second-rate magazines.

My naïveté is gone. I fully understand that these mountains too are being parceled off. It is only a matter of time until their stark beauty is marred and the limited watershed is taxed excessively. Groping legislative control is years behind in its cognizance, and local attitude is divided the same as is the Navajos' in Mr. Wolff's article. There is little to stop the distinguished *Forbes* magazine from developing its Sangre de Cristo Ranches, Inc. There is nothing to dictate against unbridled real estate development without concern for the proper use of resources. Their preservation is now solely in the hands of the investor.

The subtle reaching of the entrepreneurial hand of the white man is again ravaging before any thought is given to the environmental consequences of the act. And the anger that rages within me now will only come to the fore in the public mind when it is too late to reverse the atrocities wreaked upon my valley.

Robert M. Maes
San Luis, Colo.

Durn swell article by Anthony Wolff on the power play in the Southwest. However, you ain't seen nothin' yet. The "North Central Power Study" deals with Wyoming and Montana, where the Bureau of Reclamation and other Interior Department agencies are in cahoots with a passel of electrical utilities. The Powder River region, where Custer died for your sins, has sixty-nine times as much coal as Black Mesa. Them pikers in the Southwest only want 30,000 megawatts of coal-fired generation by the year 2000. Up north they figger on about 150,000 to 200,000 megawatts. What's more, up north they can find more rivers to dam and divert for cooling water: The Yellowstone, Green, Powder, and others are ripe for plucking.

Geopolitics? Ain't enough votes in Montana and Wyoming to matter in any election, and that's what power seems to be all about. It takes power to dump your garbage in someone else's back yard and get away with it.

What's funny is that eastern greenhorns are buying two-acre lots out here so they can retire and fish for trout and have a view of the Rockies from the porch. What trout? What view?

Bury my heart in fly-ash at Wounded Knee.

Albert G. Melcher
Director, the Club of Pompeii
Denver, Colo.

Surely everyone must agree that the power from these stations is not actually needed and that they should never have been built. Everyone, that is, except the people who want electric clothes driers instead of hanging clothes in the back yard to dry.

Everyone, that is, except the Hopi Indians, who have an opportunity to earn a living instead of spending their lives on welfare. Everyone else except those de-

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pendent upon a pension from a fund that has invested in the utility stocks that depend on this power to pay dividends.

Reynold Atlas
Mercer Island, Wash.

Welfare

Bruce Porter's "Welfare Won't Work, but What Will?" [*SR*, June 3] is an excellent catalogue of the ills that beset the system and of the faltering attempts to "reform" it. But nowhere in the article, or anywhere else for that matter, do I find a statement of what the system is supposed to accomplish. Without a concept of the desired outcome, how can effective means be designed?

I would like to propose that the purpose of the public assistance, or whatever we choose to call it, is to ensure that every citizen has access to all elements of a defined minimal standard of living, and to do this with a minimum-sized bureaucracy while strengthening the "sense of consequences" and the incentive to engage in useful work. If this statement of objective is acceptable, then the way seems relatively clear to me. The benefits of the public-assistance system should be made available universally rather than selectively, and in kind rather than in cash. A universal distribution of benefits means that they would be available to anyone who wishes to partake of them, not just to those below some arbitrarily defined income level. Universal distribution eliminates the stigma of participation as well as the welfare superstructure now involved in the assessment of eligibility. Since fraud would also be impossible (how can you defraud such a system?), we could also eliminate the bureaucracy now engaged in detecting and punishing it. Benefits provided in cash (such as the McGovern $1,000 plan) can too easily be diverted to uses not consonant with the defined purposes of the system, i.e., for items other than those judged to constitute a minimum standard of living. Therefore, let us supply them in kind (food, shelter, clothing, health care, etc.).

Take food, for instance. We would agree on a list of foodstuffs that are needed to provide a nutritious diet plus such variety in meal planning as our generosity will permit us. These items will be available for the taking at the corner grocer's (he would be reimbursed with, say, a 2 per cent commission from the public till) to rich and poor alike.

How will this strengthen the will to work and the sense of consequences? Well, the message will soon sink in that a minimum standard of living is *all* that the system will provide and that anything in addition must be earned somehow. Of course, we may choose to be parsimonious or generous in defining the minimum standard of living, but we should hope that we would become more the latter as our productivity increases.

Can we afford it? Well, if we accept the standard objective, is there any less expensive way to accomplish it?

Didn't we tacitly agree long ago that we would prefer not to stand by while our fellow citizens perished from starvation or

"How would you people like it if I just upped and moved my whole kit and caboodle to Canada?"

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exposure, even though they were physically, mentally, or psychologically (the last is hardest to take) unfit for employment in the normal sense? If it is true, as Mr. Porter says, that "the private economy in this country has lost the capacity to employ all those who want to be employed by it" and that even public jobs are proving hard to manufacture, then isn't it time to make a few minor concessions away from our standard ideas about how the product of the economy should be distributed?

David W. Kean
Sunnyvale, Calif.

I noticed an ironical contrast of ideas in two statements from your latest issue on The Society [*SR*, June 3]. Amitai Etzioni, in "Human Beings Are Not So Easy to Change After All," suggests that it may be unethical, not to mention harmful to individuals, to try to change the basic work behavior and personalities of people in order to suit them for particular jobs. To use his example, the life of a creative person is in many respects destroyed if he is forced into the dull monotony of an assembly-line job. Then, in the following article by Bruce Porter, "Welfare Won't Work, but What Will?" we find President Nixon's simplistic statement that "any job for an able-bodied man is preferable to life on the public dole." The frightening implications of these juxtaposed statements force us to examine closely our value system.

Edward A. Preston
Henderson, Tex.

Up Front

Re: William H. Honan's "A Report to the Readers" [*SR*, June 3].

Leisurely personal comment is out.
Up Front will explain what the world's
all about.
There's no room for humor, cartoons,
or wit.
Birth announcement? Mass obit!
If I had been inclined to seek
Yet further comment on the week
From yet more far-flung analysts,
Instead of reading columnists
Who did, indeed, impart distinction
To *SR*, and whose extinction
Leaves it the poorer, I could choose
From many vendors of the news,
Since there is *World* enough, and *Time*,
You cannot justify your crime.

Jackie Sanford
Denver, Colo.

As an attentive and serious reader and long-time subscriber, I should like to add my small voice in defense of humor. In dropping your cartoons and other light touches, you have really lost an important flavor to balance your thoughtful side.

Mary C. Cox
Ormond Beach, Fla.

I've just read the disconcerting news that *SR* is discontinuing the columns and features of Goodman Ace, Cleveland Amory, John Ciardi, and Robert Lewis Shayon. As you must know, these are the sections your old readers turn to first (at least many of us do). *Tempora autem mutantur*, I know, and I'm willing to suspend judgment at least until I see what you're like after the shakedown period. Really short articles concisely written will be a blessing when one considers the volume of materials we must plow through and scan these days merely to keep above water. (How's that for an Amory metaphor?)

Henry E. Patrick
Montgomery, Ala.

I am especially enthusiastic with your new format, SR Up Front.

Valerie Ann Dodds
State College, Pa.

Gun Control

Re: Peter Andrews's article "A Day in a Gun Store" [*SR*, June 3]. I am sure that Mr. Andrews had good intentions; however, I think his article was very biased.

The five people discussed by Mr. Andrews in his report could not have been a majority, or even an average, if he spent the whole day in the store and ". . . customers were coming in about every fifteen minutes. . . ." He makes no mention of the legitimate sportsman, target shooter, and gun collector who must have come into the store during that time. The only people he does mention seem to be rather incompetent in terms of knowing anything about guns. Also, their motives for buying guns are very suspect; especially those of the last person mentioned, who wishes to purchase a handgun but lies about his occupation, obviously gives a false address, and has a shaky reason for buying a handgun. This implies that all gun buyers are shadowy—potential Arthur Bremers or Lee Harvey Oswalds.

Of course, I am all in favor of prohibiting the manufacture and/or sale of "Saturday Night Specials." However, the kind of gun control that Mr. Andrews seems to favor would be as big a failure as Prohibition. If a moratorium or stringent gun control were put into effect, the only hand that the gun would be in would be that of the criminal.

Bill Morrison, Jr.
Storrs, Conn.

Gerrymander

Re: "The Remarkable Resurgence of Gerry's Gambit" [*SR*, June 3]. For your information, twelve of Michigan's nineteen congressmen are Republicans, and only seven, not ten, are Democrats. In fact, the same nineteen congressmen, twelve Republicans and seven Democrats, were elected from Michigan in 1966, 1968, and 1970.

With regard to vote percentages, according to the 1971/72 *Michigan Manual*, the nineteen Republican candidates for Congress received 1,241,520 votes and the nineteen Democratic candidates received 1,314,478 votes or a percentage spread of 48.6 per cent for Republicans and 51.4 per cent for Democrats, hardly the 36.9 per cent Democratic vote you described.

Robert H. Fredericks II
YR National Committeeman
Troy, Mich.

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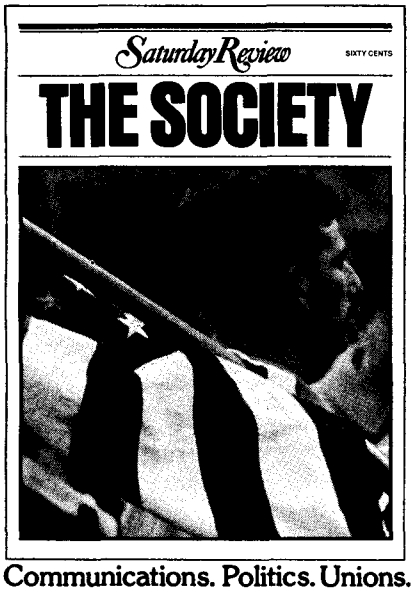

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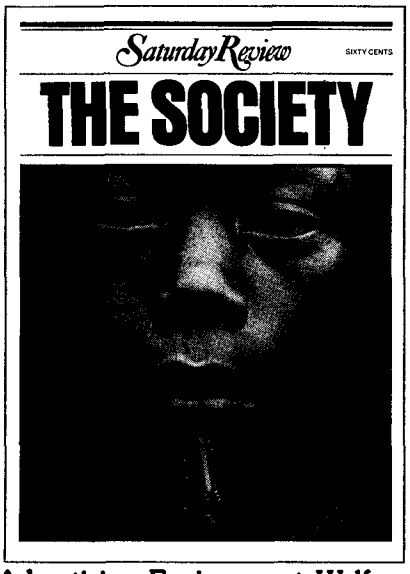

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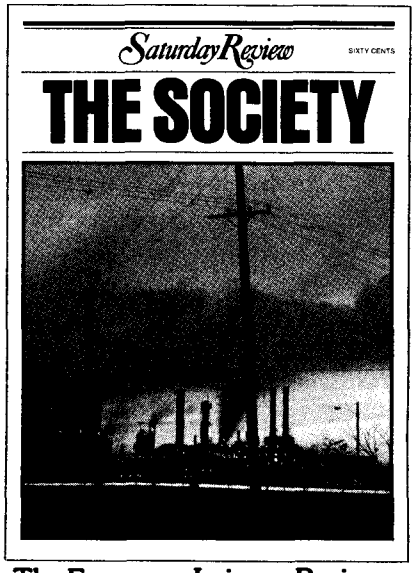

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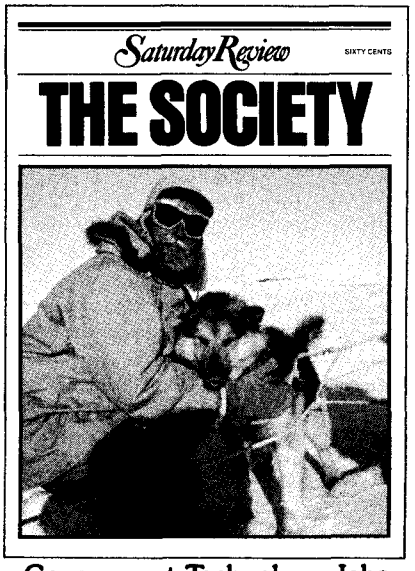

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Editorial

The Mandarin and the Man of the Streets

On the same day a couple of weeks ago, America lost two of its more distinctive sons. In Talcottville, New York, a place of thick woods, rugged hills, and few people, Edmund Wilson, the critic, died at seventy-seven in the old stone house that he celebrated in his most recent book, *Upstate*. A continent away, not far from the breath-taking coastline at Big Sur, Saul Alinsky, the self-styled "professional radical," died in Carmel, California, at sixty-three.

Superficially, at least, they were about as different as two men can be. Wilson was a mandarin who was reared in a genteel, bookish atmosphere and went on to devote his life to literature. Alinsky was a man of the streets, a native of Chicago's Jewish slums who spent most of his years teaching people how to organize for achieving change.

In a deeper sense, however, the two men were kindred. Both set forbiddingly high standards for themselves. Both were impatient with ineptitude and won reputations for testiness. Both were profoundly distrustful of totalitarianism, of the Left or of the Right. Both represented a breed of American that seems to grow ever rarer.

Wilson had an insatiable hunger for language and literature. He devoured enormous masses of material, often in the original language, for he read at least eight. In some twenty-five books and countless essays notable for their dazzling erudition, he sought to give the United States what he described as "serious literary criticism."

While initially he looked with favor on the Soviet experiment with communism, he quickly became disenchanted. Last year, in an introduction to a new edition of *To the Finland Station*, he wrote: "I had no premonition that the Soviet Union was to become one of the most hideous tyrannies that the world had ever known, and Stalin the most cruel and unscrupulous of the merciless Russian tsars."

In his last years, embroiled with the U.S. government in a dispute over his income taxes and embittered by the American involvement in Vietnam, he threatened to leave the country. He never did, but he wondered how long it would be "before the United States can organize a livable society which is free from the modern tyranny of bureaucracy." "The old life is passing away," he lamented in *Upstate*, and "all around me are anarchy and what seems to me stupidity."

If Wilson in his role as critic was basically passive, Alinsky was very much the man of action. Working with blacks, Indians, Chicanos, poor whites, and even middle-class Americans, he was an agitator, a troublemaker, a trainer of troublemakers. His objective, however, was to improve America, not to tear it down. He devoutly believed that "it is necessary to begin where the world is if we are going to change it. That means working in the system."

Such pragmatism irritated many of the young, but, as he wrote in *Rules for Radicals*, his last book: "True, there is government harassment, but there still is that relative freedom to fight. I can attack my government, try to organize to change it. That's more than I can do in Moscow, Peking, or Havana. Just a few of the violent episodes that we have experienced here would have resulted in a sweeping purge and mass executions in Russia, China, or Cuba. Let's keep some perspective."

Alinsky was deeply disturbed by the breakdown in communication between blacks and whites and by the tendency among many whites to accept uncritically even the most outrageous statements or demands made by blacks. At one campus lecture a militant black asked, "Will you be speaking for all the rest of the honkies?" As recounted in Marion Sanders's *Professional Radical: Conversations With Saul Alinsky*, the old organizer glared at the black students who were clustered together and shot back: "I am not one of those guilt-ridden, screwed-up, neurotic liberals you characters have been dealing with, like the ones in the San Francisco Bay Area who went around wearing big buttons saying HONKIES FOR HUEY during the Huey Newton trial. If I were in a jam I wouldn't expect you to wear big buttons saying NIGGERS FOR SAUL. And you know damn well you wouldn't do it."

A year before his death Alinsky wrote: "There can be no darker or more devastating tragedy than the death of man's faith in himself or in his power to direct his future." In the more wintry passages of *Upstate*, Wilson seemed dangerously close to losing that faith, as when he spoke of "the constant flow and perishable character of everything on the earth." If he never entirely lost faith, that might have been because of the redemptive quality that literature had for him and the restorative nature of the land on which he spent so many of his last days. Alinsky's faith was rooted in people, rather than in books or trees. Like Wilson, he sometimes came close to despair. But neither man ever entirely abandoned the belief that America could, and would, be changed for the better.

Ronald P. Kriss

A NOTE TO THE READERS

A magazine's cover is, in effect, its invitation to readers to come in and look around. You may have noticed that this week we have made some changes in *SR*'s cover. For one thing, we have restored the type face that was used, years back, for the name *Saturday Review of Literature*. For another, we have given a prominent place and type face to the words THE SOCIETY.

These seemingly minor changes mean a great deal. Basically, they signal a twofold commitment on our part. First, we hope to perpetuate *SR*'s devotion to the world of ideas, particularly in the areas of books, films, music, theater, dance, and travel. These subjects will be covered weekly, as will a wide variety of subjects in our recently launched Up Front section. Second, the changes indicate that we aim to provide wider coverage for those readers who are primarily interested in one of the four major areas that we now cover on a rotating basis—The Society, Science, The Arts, and Education. Accordingly, we will be increasing the number of editorial pages devoted to these four areas without reducing the space devoted to other subjects. We hope you'll come in and spend some time.

The Editors

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Saturday Review of
THE SOCIETY

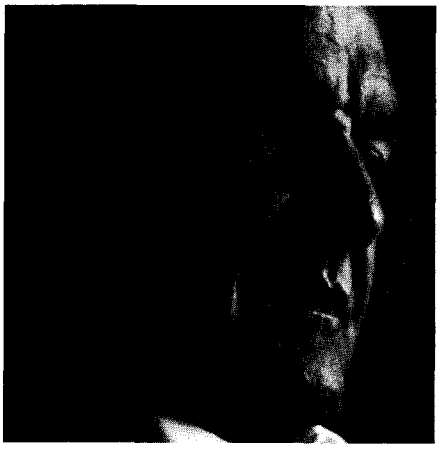
THE CASE FOR GEORGE McGOVERN

By John Kenneth Galbraith

It all happened in a matter of three months this spring. Before the New Hampshire primary in March, George McGovern was nowhere—an object of the sympathy and amusement of the established political sages to the extent that his seemingly feckless effort was deemed worthy of notice by men of such stature. By the end of May he had it made. The California primary—some unprecedented accident apart—all but wrapped up the nomination, although, in a shrewder view, it was probably Ohio that decided things. There it was evident that McGovern not only had a strangle hold on liberal urbanites, suburbanites, and students but could also make deep inroads into the blue-collar and ethnic columns that were meant to march for Hubert Humphrey.

There remained, to be sure, some doubt as to how McGovern did it. Joe Alsop, whom I cherish as one of the splendidly comic figures of our age and always read before Art Buchwald, thought carefully and concluded that the McGovern men had stolen the primaries and the state conventions. They had organized, and organization (anyhow, if by the liberal and young) defeats the popular will. Stewart Alsop, although conceding McGovern some considerable appeal, thought that people were voting for him out of mass misinformation—they did not see what he was up to on abortion, economics, and things like that. When they did—wow! But most others have agreed that McGovern is somehow popular with voters. For judging his prospects next fall, it is worth knowing just what happened this spring and why.

John Kenneth Galbraith is Paul M. Warburg professor of economics at Harvard, former ambassador to India, and a longtime friend of Senator McGovern.



The McGovern success can be understood, I think, only in terms of the preferred position in the United States of social diagnosis as compared with practical action. No country approaches us in the candor and quality, not to mention the sheer volume, of such diagnosis. If something is wrong with our economy or polity or otherwise with our society, we search out the flaw and an explanation for it with relentless force. This has been especially so in these last years, when so much has seemed wrong—when the phrase "credibility gap" has come to grace a general commitment by the government to uninspired falsehood; when a costly and intellectually inexplicable involvement in Indochina has persisted contrary to all reason and expectation; when our military budget has become absurd in light of either military need or the starvation of our cities; when we have put moon travel on a commuter basis, while people at home cannot get to work; when a disenchanting combination of severe inflation and severe unemployment has persisted in conflict with all reputable economic instruction; when the welfare mess has caused people to crowd to the cities and has then penalized them for taking a job; when the fiscal system has been fostering a whole new class of income-tax dropouts, who were even so gauche as to convene by private jet at John Connally's ranch to hear the President defend their graft with wonderful indifference to the trouble the average citizen was having with the tax on his house; and when it was being discovered that our air, streams, lakes, beaches, roadsides, and countryside were all being sacrificed to uninhibited economic (and corporate) growth.

On all of these problems, as noted, men of wisdom had been speaking urgently, righteously—and, in most cases, for very adequate compensation. But it was implicit in this discussion that nothing much would be done that would upset the basic equilibrium in our politics, an equilibrium based on the understanding that we will analyze, deplore, recommend, and, on occasion, demand but will not act. This rejection of action is held to reflect the public will. No matter how serious the problem, the people will vote against the man who proposes remedies, for remedies cost money and make him a radical. There is, alas, an element of pecuniary self-interest in all this. Social diagnosis is a considerable industry in the United States. A lot of this industry's entrepreneurs, without ever quite admitting it, find things entirely comfortable as they are. They persuade themselves that others, despite the troubles they describe, are really quite comfortable, too.

Thus George McGovern. He got hold of the novel idea that a fair majority of citizens not only want to understand their sorrows, they would like to have something done about them. The other candidates made the mistake of believing that all the talk about truth in gov-

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ernment and change in the society was purely theoretical. For months friends have kept calling me to say what a mistake it was for McGovern to spell out his position on tax loopholes, welfare reform, and the military budget in such unnecessary detail. He would frighten people. No doubt quite a few were frightened off. But it won him the primaries and will win him the nomination. Only an honest and serious man bothers to tell you exactly what he hopes to do, and these qualities evidently appeal to voters these days.

Now it will be said—and said and said—that, while McGovern's commitment to the reform of military, economic, and fiscal policies that nearly everyone agrees are ghastly was great for winning the nomination, it will lose him the election. Zealots who want change can nominate a man; only defenders of the *status quo* can elect one. If McGovern doesn't now adopt the Establishment view, it is asserted, he will do more this autumn to make Richard Milhous Nixon a statesman than Barry Goldwater did to make L.B.J. a pacifist.

The comparison with Goldwater is a brilliant piece of political polemics. It certainly has taken hold. It is also nonsense. The natural reaction of some McGovern defenders has been to argue that he isn't all that extreme. He hasn't really advocated compulsory abortion; the next generation of Rockefellers will still have a few of the millions rightfully accruing to them from the only moderately righteous enterprise of their great-great grandfather a hundred years ago and so will be available for public office; McGovern proposes amnesty only for those who resisted the war and will not release all felons from jail. Doubtless all this is true, but it would have been more to the point to argue that McGovern, unlike Barry Goldwater, was urging the kind of change that most voters want. Goldwater was urging change in favor of the few and the rich. McGovern is urging change in favor of the many who are in the middle or below. The many, a point that some thoughtful writers have never grasped, are more numerous than the few, and in politics it is the majority that counts. It was Barry Goldwater's romantic thought that the poor wanted more done for the rich, less for themselves. He had inveighed against the progressive income tax; when the campaign started, he was still worried about the effect of Social Security on the moral fiber. He wanted more freedom, which, generally speaking, meant freedom for the privileged to expand their preferred form of plunder. The McGovern reforms—on employment, taxes, welfare, equality—are all designed to benefit the majority. An important distinction.

If one is searching for historical analogies, it could be recalled that Roosevelt's reforms of forty years ago were similarly concerned with the majority. They also made him a dangerous radical. And they made him electorally invulnerable. There is a difference between a Democratic Goldwater and a Democratic Roosevelt. McGovern's identification, if he remains on course, is more plausibly with Roosevelt.

It might also be added that Goldwater was a hawk. McGovern is that most curious of political birds, a dangerous dove. As a final point, this whole discussion seems to me a bit hard on Barry Goldwater. He is a nice man who brought a marked passion to his pro-

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PHOTOGRAPH BY STANLEY TRETICK

After a hard day's campaigning in California, Senator George McGovern watches President Nixon's televised report about his Moscow summit conference. Despite the President's description of himself as an apostle of peaceful coexistence, says the author, "In the campaign this year Mr. Nixon will be calling for more defense expenditure . . . . McGovern will be for less."

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gram for enriching the rich. Why hurt his feelings? Let the McGovern people help Barry out: Let them say that McGovern is the Goldwater of the forgotten man.

It is necessary, of course, that McGovern resist the pressure of the privileged. As I've said, in the months ahead it will be a wonderful thing to watch. Having failed to nominate an adequately inert man, the Establishment philosophers will try to do the best with what they have. Only a man indistinguishable from Nixon—or preferably Scoop Jackson or possibly Sam Yorty—will, so they will say, stand a chance of election. I think that, on the whole, McGovern will resist. (I, of course, distinguish between conciliation, even occasional compromise, and retreat.) Accordingly, he will be an alternative to Nixon. He will appeal to the unrich, unpowerful, and unprivileged majority, and, therefore, like Roosevelt, he will be elected. This expectation derives partly from an impression of the man and partly from his reaction to the issues in the past. Let me say something about each.

I first worked with George McGovern when I was in India, and he was head of the Food for Peace Program under President Kennedy. The whole effort was a mirror of the McGovern mind and mood. As a farm congressman from South Dakota, he had constituents for whom wheat growing was halfway between an industry and an obsession. He wanted to see that farm plant used efficiently. And he believed that hungry people should have enough to eat—an idea he thought applicable even to the United States, to the terrible distress of Congressman Jamie Whitten of Mississippi and similar philanthropists. Many diagnosticians had pointed to the inconsistency between big food surpluses and pervasive hunger; McGovern was bent on doing something about it, and he did. Many people are now alive as a result of his efforts to make food surpluses available to the starving. I might add that these efforts won the United States—and him—a very pleasant response. His reception, when he came to India in 1962, was better than that accorded Henry Kissinger last year. I share with others a certain nostalgia for the days when Americans were thought nice.

I really got to know George McGovern with the Vietnam War. The mid-Sixties were lonely years for opponents of the war; we were treated in Washington with all the cordiality that is commonly accorded acute paresis. Following close on the heels of Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruening, McGovern was one of the little band of men who led the fight against the war in the Senate. More than anyone

Comparing McGovern with Goldwater is a brilliant piece of political polemics. It is also nonsense.

else except Gene McCarthy, he translated what had been dissent into organized and legitimate, and hence effective, political opposition. It did not seem at the time to be a politically profitable enterprise. To take such a stand was surely a fair test of commitment. Prominent among those leading the chorus on the other side—demanding that L.B.J. send in more troops, more bombers, unleash the Joint Chiefs of Staff—was Richard Nixon. He is wiser now. But it would be safer and a lot more economical to have as President a man who foresees disasters. One-hundred-and-fifty-billion dollars—not to mention the lives—is a large price for educating Richard Nixon. And on Vietnam he is still a very retarded boy in the class. He has, in fact, been even more brutal than his predecessors in his policy of destroying and maiming the people of Vietnam and in wrecking the countryside on which they live. But they are poor people who are accustomed to death and dismemberment—or anyhow that has long been the Washington view.

Mr. Nixon, to be sure, has seen how completely the American people have come to reject the old Cold War rhetoric and anger, how much they want an affirmative effort for peace with the Communist countries. So we have the engaging picture of this man—the greatest Cold Warrior of them all, the politician who once equated negotiation with treason, the man who wanted to send soldiers to Vietnam in 1952—emerging, by his own billing, as the new apostle of peaceful coexistence. He has used the phrase. He has been to Peking. He has been to Moscow.

We cannot deplore the journeys to Peking and Moscow. They must have been a severe trial for Mr. Nixon's old anti-Communist friends; one wonders how Joe McCarthy must be reacting from wherever Joe is these days. But it is better to have a man of flexible principle such as Richard Nixon than a principled man who sticks to principles that are wrong. It would be better still to have a principled man who is right. This, on the record, is the case for McGovern.

There is still much to be done in the field of foreign policy. We face a long period of negotiation with the Soviet Union, in which the primary task is to get the arms race under control. This has been a major McGovern goal. Any notion that such control was achieved in Moscow has now been dissipated by Mel Laird. He has just explained that the agreements signed by Mr. Nixon in the Kremlin have made an increase in spending by some billions for the manned bomber, the Trident submarine, and several other gadgets more necessary than ever.

There also lies ahead the major task of reforming our relations with the Third World. We have learned in these last years that there is little in the inner life of the Third World nations that we can control. And we have learned that there is less that we need or ought to control. We have learned that, if some people in this world choose to call themselves Communist, there is little we can do about it. And we have learned that the difference between a Communist jungle and a non-Communist jungle is not all that evident except to the CIA. Similarly with rice paddies. We need to contract our policy in the Third World—to reduce our own bureaucracy there, notably our troops, bases, fleet, military missions, and spooks. Specifically, we need to get out of the business of chasing Communists over Laos or making plots in Chile.

We need also to get out of the business of propping up dictatorships. Men of wisdom have often pointed regretfully to the necessity of choosing between strategy and morality in foreign policy. But last year, in its support of the military government of Yahya Khan in Pakistan against the people of Bengal, the Nixon administration accomplished something new—it managed to offend both. Its continuing support of the Greek colonels—and of dictatorships in other countries—is equally offensive. Messrs. Nixon and Agnew have forgotten that we are a democracy. McGovern has not. On all of these matters the position of McGovern is clear. And so is that of Mr. Nixon; his re-election would mean only more of the same.

On domestic policy McGovern's positions—and his commitment to them—seem to me equally strong. Here there will be four major issues: the management of the economy; the excessive share of taxes being borne by the average man; the need for real equality—equality between the races, between men and women, in the way income is distributed, and between those with the bad jobs and the good; and the effect of modern industrial development on our surroundings.

Good economic management requires controls that are equitably administered—they must be equitable if they are to have the confidence of consumers and the consent of labor. This

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is the area of Nixon's greatest failure. His price administration has been spineless—a ratification of increases that would have occurred anyway. His employment policy has been based, all but exclusively, on tax incentives for corporations and the comparatively affluent. In consequence profits and property income (as well as prices) have been rising at a record rate. The unions are rightly aroused; one cannot have wage stabilization unless living costs, profits, and executive compensations are also stable. George McGovern was the first of the candidates to spell out a policy of equitable price and wage administration—combined with equitable taxation of business profits.

Given wage and price stability, the next task is to increase employment. The efficient as well as the egalitarian way to do this is by increasing needed public outlays either in general or specifically for public-service employment, thus supporting the living standards

McGovern will be for a government that distinguishes the public interest from the corporate interest.

for the poor. The worst way is to reduce taxes on the well-to-do in the hope that they will spend more. The contrast here between Nixon and McGovern should work well at the ballot box.

For easing the burden on the average man, it is also essential that we close the loopholes on the rich. I would personally go further than McGovern. I have come to believe that every person who adds to his wealth by a given amount—whether by earned income, property income, capital gains, real estate income, oil income, inheritance, or defrauding McGraw-Hill—should pay the same progressive tax on the particular amount of the enrichment. The operative rule is that a-buck-is-a-buck-is-a-buck. But McGovern's requirement that, regardless of loopholes, everyone pay at least 75 per cent of what is specified in the tax tables is a step in the right direction. That too will be hard to attack at the supermarkets.

A decent tax system is the first practical step toward greater equality. The second requirement is to strongly support organizing activity by those people—the farm workers, for example—who have the weakest position in the economy. Here the McGovern position is clear, and it has won him the support of César Chavez, who leads the weakest workers of all. The third step is to place a floor under family and individual income. The McGovern position on this—one that still requires a good deal of work, as McGovern himself might agree—was duly celebrated in the California debates with Hubert Humphrey. The step is vital. Mr. Nixon cannot effectively attack the principle of a guaranteed minimum income; he—greatly to his credit—has proposed one himself. He will attack McGovern for urging that the minimum be brought to a reasonable level, to a level where it protects not only the family that is without employment but those whose weakness in the labor market makes them the natural object of exploitation.

The McGovern plan, it should be noted, provides what is lacking in all present welfare arrangements—namely, a voluntary incentive to take a job. The man who is now on welfare and takes a job at wages around the welfare level of payment gives up all his welfare income. He has, in effect, a 100 per cent tax on his additional income. It is only human to wonder why one should bother to work. The new design ensures that the man who works will always have more money than the man who does not. It is a long step toward both economic decency and the Calvinist virtue appropriate to a South Dakotan.

Finally, there is the matter of racial equality. That Mr. Nixon has managed to alienate the black voter not many will deny. And that McGovern has gained strength in the black community during the course of the primaries most will agree. His reforms have opened the Democratic party to blacks in spectacular fashion—as the Miami convention will show. On busing he hasn't had one position in the North and another in the South. He has argued everywhere for upholding the Supreme Court. That didn't help him in Florida, or in Maryland, or everywhere in Michigan. But it probably did help in the country as a whole. It showed that he was the one thing not even the greatest enemy of busing can criticize—namely, an honest man.

As for protecting the environment, what we have to do is to specify, by law, what business, large and small, may and may not do. And having so specified what may not be done, the law must be enforced, however influential the offender. There can no longer be one law for the citizen, another for the corporation. On this there is no question as to where George McGovern stands. And, unlike the administration, it is not his business to befriend the corporations.

Better economic management, a better break for the average citizen, greater equality, and a better environment are related to each other; they are also related to military and foreign policy. If it weren't for the exaggerated demands of the Pentagon, federal tax revenues would be available in volume to aid the cities and to ease the pressure on the property tax. More capital would also be available for civilian industry. In consequence, we would not be producing goods with obsolescent machinery in competition with the Germans and the Japanese who, having lost a war, have been forced to use their capital resources for useful purposes. Our competitive position would be better, our balance of payments would be much stronger.

In the campaign this year Mr. Nixon will be calling for more defense expenditure. As noted, Secretary Laird has already sounded the trumpet. McGovern will be for less. Thus Nixon will be for heavier taxes on the average man, a weaker economic position in the world at large. McGovern will be for relief for the average taxpayer, a stronger civilian economy, a better balance of payments. President Nixon will be getting the applause of the big weapons firms and, quite deservedly, of corporate enterprise in general. This is as it should be. The corporations and the privileged and powerful have a right to be represented. It is the historic function of the Republican party to represent them. And no one who has watched its recent dealings with Hal and Phil and Dita and those other splendid people at ITT will doubt that the party has kept the faith—the best evidence of how it has kept the faith seems to have got shredded. McGovern will be for a government that distinguishes the public interest from the corporate interest, the popular interest from the privileged interest. This, I venture, will be far from bad at the polls.

So it is perfectly clear, as President Nixon would say, that McGovern is the best man. And, in contrast with what President Nixon often says, this is the truth. If we can't elect the best man, something is wrong. But we can; the fact that McGovern has made it again and again and again in South Dakota—once the most Republican state in the Union—shows that he is highly electable. And, for once, my credentials as a prophet are impeccable. Speaking twelve weeks ago in Wisconsin, before the primary, I offered a scenario—not, I then said, as "an exercise in political euphoria but as a decent prediction." With even more than normal pleasure I now quote myself. "McGovern will carry Massachusetts and Nebraska next month. He will carry Oregon. He will take California and New York, the two largest states of the Union. Will the convention deny the nomination to a man with this record? I think not." Nor, I am now convinced, will the country reject George McGovern in November. □

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AN AMERICAN TRAGICOMEDY:

BY JULIUS DUSCHA

Six years ago this Fourth of July, Congress passed, and Lyndon B. Johnson signed, legislation establishing the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission. The bill was pushed through Congress a decade before the bicentennial so that there would be plenty of time for the commission to plan a monumental, continental blowout for the nation's 200th birthday. But now, with less than four years to go before our 200th year is upon us, the bicentennial planners have come up with few plans, and none of them has been approved or funded by Congress. Centennials are symbolic occasions, and it is perhaps deeply symbolic that the principal plan the commission did consider—a grand, international exposition in Philadelphia, where the Declaration of Independence was signed—was discarded a few weeks ago, largely because racial frictions made it virtually impossible to find an economically feasible site.

The Spirit of the 1770s was also symbolically overridden by the Spirit of the 1970s this spring when a generation gap gaped open among the bicentennial planners. A youth task force, appointed to advise the Bicentennial Commission, resigned en masse, complaining that the mostly middle-aged commissioners were bound to come up with a blandly irrelevant program for celebrating the bicentennial. "The American Revolution," said the task force's letter of resignation, "marked an era of disunity, of conflict, of dissent, and of diversity." The anniversary of the Revolution, they argued, should reflect these themes rather than an "artificial homogeneity."

Well, the way things are going, the youths' prescription may, in part at least, be filled after all, for whatever the United States eventually does to celebrate its bicentennial, the effort to design that celebration has, in itself, already become a tragicomic monument to conflict, dissent, and diversity. This effort has been marked not only by racial and generational frictions but also by political infighting, counter-organizing, and profound disagree-

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PLANNING THE BIG BASH FOR 1976

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ments over the very question of what a bicentennial ought to be about in a time that often seems as troubled—and as revolutionary—as that of the nation's birth itself.

The upshot may be that no significant commemoration of the bicentennial will be held, and a lot of Americans will say, fine, there isn't anything to celebrate anyway. And what, in fact, *is* there to celebrate in a nation torn by a divisive war that cannot seem to be brought to a conclusion; by racial antagonisms that show little sign of abating; by vast gulfs separating young and old, rich and poor, city and suburb; by gigantic public and private bureaucracies that appear to be unresponsive to human needs; and by a political system that virtually thrives on ambiguity and meaningless hyperbole and is at the mercy of the guns of mad assassins?

The present challenges to self-celebration in the United States are amply illustrated by the story of the demise of the international exposition that Philadelphia was supposed to hold.

On July 4, 1970 (everything involving the bicentennial, by the way, seems to happen on Independence Day), Senator Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, the Senate Republican leader, announced that Philadelphia had been selected by President Nixon as the site for the official bicentennial international exposition, which the federal government would help the city and state to finance. A man given to more than the usual political bombast, Scott said that his announcement of the fact that the fair was to be held in Philadelphia "was the most important . . . I've made in the past twelve years that I've represented Pennsylvania in the Senate."

In the euphoria of that July Fourth, everyone seemed to overlook some fine print in President Nixon's endorsement of Philadelphia as the site for the fair. Mr. Nixon had noted that an exposition would be held only "if suitable financing arrangements can be worked out."

Suitable financing, of course, meant that, first of all, a suitably inexpensive site would have to be selected. Furthermore, the site would have to be large enough to provide the requisite space; it should not require too much demolition or moving of buildings; it should be easily reached by means of existing highways and rapid-transit facilities.

As the initial euphoria began to wear off, the City of Brotherly Love organized the Philadelphia 1976 Bicentennial Corporation to seek out such a site. There was some talk at first that Fairmount Park, the site of the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876, be used for the Bicentennial Expo, but park lovers and environmentalists quickly killed that idea.

Then the planners cast an eye on the "air" rights over Penn Central's Thirtieth Street railroad station, thinking they might build an exposition site on stilts above the station and on some of the surrounding property. A clever idea. A bit of help for the bankrupt Penn Central, too. Moreover, the notion expressed something symbolic about the nation's attitude toward its cities. A fair floating above the trials and tribulations of urban America—something comfortable about that, eh, suburban America?

The plan to place the fair over the Thirtieth Street station won the support of a few blacks, who envisioned it as a living urban laboratory. The idea didn't look very good, however, to the majority of the blacks who lived in the vicinity of the station; they objected that the project would lead to the obliteration of their neighborhood.

Also, the cost of the "fair in the air" was too much for the Nixon administration. As finally drawn, the plan called for $1.2 billion in federal funds, with half of the money going for the fair and the other half for housing and other neighborhood improvements. It became clear that Washington did not like the idea of using the fair to subsidize urban renewal.

Abandoning the Thirtieth Street station proposal, the Philadelphians next looked at a 1,000-acre site in the Byberry section of the northeastern part of the city. Byberry is a neighborhood made up largely of Jews and Irish who have fled the blacks in the central city, down by the station. And the residents of the Byberry area did not want their neighborhood disturbed, particularly by blacks, even if they were on their way to a celebration of the American ideals of freedom and equality.

So, bye-bye, Byberry! And hello, Delaware River! The third site considered by the Philadelphia planners was the Port Richmond area on both sides of the Delaware River. In actuality, three-fourths of this tract of land is in New Jersey, of all places—on Petty's Island and on a stretch of landfill along the Camden water front.

But even by putting most of the site for the fair outside the boundaries of Philadelphia, the city still could not escape the deep divisions in America today. The Delaware River site bordered on a Polish neighborhood in Philadelphia. And tough-cop Frank J. Rizzo had just been elected mayor on a platform promising that he wouldn't be fooling around with anybody's neighborhood. The Poles didn't want a fair any more than did the Jews and Irish over in Byberry—for just the same, largely racial, reasons.

Where, oh where, to go now? Well, how about Eastwick over by the Philadelphia airport? Of course, it's under the final-approach pattern to the airport, and screaming jets taking off or coming in for landings make it difficult to converse with anyone unless you are in a soundproofed building. The area is swampy, too, and dotted with junked automobiles. Also, there aren't enough roads to bring in the millions of visi-

Bicentennial planning is in the charge of men who undoubtedly would have been Tories 200 years ago.

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tors a fair would attract. But there are virtually no residents in Eastwick to object to a fair's being held on the site.

That's America, 1976, all right—celebrating 200 years of independence as jets thunder a few hundred feet above the Ferris wheels, polluting the air with filthy exhaust and excruciating noise. Americans don't talk to each other much anyway these days; so what difference will the screech of the jets make? And what's another traffic jam or two in the United States? We spend so much of our day in traffic jams anyway. It's become the American way, hasn't it?

This dream world was suddenly punctured when someone remembered that you couldn't have fireworks' displays at the Eastwick site because right next door are some oil storage tanks. Nevertheless, the Philadelphia planners were determined to have a fair, at least partly because by the time they had settled on Eastwick as a site, they had already spent $3 million in private and public funds on the proposed exposition. So up to Boston went the Philadelphians to present their proposal to the May meeting of the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission. And, to its credit, the commission took one look at things and voted twenty-three to four to reject the plan.

The commission was moved not only by the poor choice of location but by the fact that the federal government's Office of Management and Budget had estimated that it would take more than $1 billion in federal funds to help finance a fair on the Eastwick site. No one believed that the federal contribution could possibly be kept to the $600-million figure held out by the Philadelphia proponents of the exposition.

And thus plans for America's 1976 international exposition appear to be dead and are unlikely to be revived in the future. As Mayor Rizzo put it, "The way it is going, we'll have the police band at Independence Hall playing 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and that will be it."

As an alternative to the Philadelphia fair, the President may approve the only major proposal agreed upon by the Bicentennial Commission up to now. This is a program for building bicentennial parks in all fifty states. The commission had estimated that constructing such a network of parks would take $1.2 billion in federal funds and at least as much money from state and local governments.

Commission Chairman David J. Mahoney looks on the proposal, which envisions fashioning the parks out of surplus federal lands in or near urban areas, as a way to bring Americans together. Others in Washington are attracted to the fifty-parks proposal because they feel that spreading federal largesse around the country makes better political sense than dumping $1 billion just in Philadelphia.

"We want to re-create the old town hall concept," maintains Mahoney. "The parks would be like a circuit of state fairs. There would be shows, displays, historical museums. There would be meeting places for all the people. They would constitute a circuit for performers. People could come see things like the Bolshoi Ballet."

Well! Celebrating the 200th anniversary of the American Revolution by watching the Bolshoi Ballet.

But don't laugh. How would *you* celebrate a bicentennial? In fact, the American way of celebrating national anniversaries has not been particularly inspired. The passing of the nation's first 100 years was marked chiefly by a fair in Philadelphia. The country was still in the miasma of Reconstruction then, and there was little disposition to look backward through the unhappy days of the Civil War. So, the fair concentrated on contemporary gadgetry, including such innovations as the telephone, the telegraph, and the electric light bulb.

And then there was that rather embarrassing Civil War Centennial program, which began in 1959 with an amateurish re-enactment of John Brown's raid on the arsenal at Harper's Ferry and petered out in the midst of a series of re-enactments of famous battles. This revival of the Old Confederacy seemed inappropriate at a time when black students were fighting for the right to eat a hot dog at a ten-cent-store lunch counter. The Civil War Centennial sort of expired—to the relief of most Americans.

For a while it looked as though the bicentennial of the Revolution might be different. At least plenty of time and thought seemed certain to go into planning the thing. The nation officially began thinking about its 200th birthday back in 1966 when Republican Senator Charles Mathias, Jr., of Maryland, then a member of the House, and Representative Bradford Morse, a Massachusetts Republican who was recently named an Under Secretary General of the United Nations, introduced legislation establishing the Bicentennial Commission. It seemed to make sense to get a head start on planning the celebration of such an auspicious occasion in American history.

But the going was slow and troubled from the start. Mathias and Morse, who have never been known as tough political operators, failed to reckon with the politics of a bicentennial celebration. Lyndon B. Johnson, who was then in the White House and preoccupied with the war in Vietnam, was simply not interested in the bicentennial. He knew he would not be President in 1976, and so low was the bicentennial on his list of priorities that it took him ten months to name the first commission.

The members were selected by Eric Goldman, Johnson's intellectual-in-residence, who seldom was granted presidential audiences. It wasn't too bad a commission. Headed by Carlisle H. Humelsine, president of Colonial Williamsburg, the first commission included a good sprinkling of historians and others interested in the nation's past. After some initial hesitation, Humelsine let it be known that he wouldn't mind becoming the Robert Moses of the bicentennial. But the commission had no funds and no staff, did not get any money from Congress until 1968, and did not have even the bare bones of a staff until early in 1969. By then, Richard Nixon had taken office, and Humelsine felt that the prudent thing to do was to offer his resignation as well as those of the other commission members.

Later in 1969 the commission was reorganized, and J. E. Wallace Sterling, the former president of Stanford University and a historian, was named chairman. Sterling's most important act as chairman was the preparation of a statement of purpose outlining in broad detail how the celebration of the country's 200th birthday should be undertaken.

The statement proposed a "heritage" program looking back at the nation's history, an "open house" program encouraging both Americans and foreign visitors to travel throughout the country, and a "horizons" program that would use the bicentennial as a rallying point for bringing the nation together to improve both its physical and psychological well-being.

A generalized program, to be sure, but it was a plan that offered something to the historians and the historical-minded who'd like to re-create the battle at Yorktown or the signing of the Declaration of Independence at Independence Hall; something to the hotels, motels, restaurants, and assorted promoters who inevitably will want to cash in on the celebration with bicentennial burgers and tricornered ash trays; and considerable potential for the reformers and planners who see in the bicentennial a chance to rebuild the cities and U.S. society.

But Sterling's proposals had hardly been published before he resigned as commission chairman (some say because of poor health; others maintain because the White House wanted a businessman in the job) and was replaced by Norton Simon's high-powered chairman, David J. Mahoney, in mid-1970.

The planning for the bicentennial is now in the charge of men who un-

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doubtedly would have been Tories had they been alive 200 years ago. Leading the re-evocation of the revolutionary Spirit of 1776, Mahoney is a $350,000-a-year chairman of a conglomerate whose standing orders to subsidiary presidents are for 15 per cent more profit year after year. The commission staff director is Jack I. LeVant, late of the pharmaceutical division of Colgate-Palmolive and once marketing director for Toni home permanents. Hobart Lewis, editor-in-chief of *Reader's Digest* and a prominent Nixon campaign contributor, is vice chairman of the commission. Among twenty-five public members of the commission are four other important Nixon contributors—publisher James Copley, industrialist George Irwin, Texas Instruments former president Erik Jonsson, and Philadelphia patrician James Biddle.

The composition of the commission was one of the principal sore points with the youth task force that resigned in March. This commission, the young people charged, "is composed—like the exclusive social club that it is—of the white and the middle-aged from the worlds of business, government, and the professions," and because of this, "the commission discourages participation by economic and ethnic groups who have contributed so much to our nation's past, and by youth, who are the parents of its future."

Democrats have charged more simply that Nixon has used the commission to reward Republican fat cats. Mahoney has publicly ignored the departure of the youth task force, but the Norton Simon chairman, the very model of the handsome Irish boy from Brooklyn who made good in the cutthroat corporate world, bristles at the charges that he was given the commission chairmanship because of the contributions he has made to Republican war chests and the work he allegedly has done to pry campaign contributions loose from other highly placed and well-to-do businessmen.

He says that he gave $3,000 to the Nixon campaign in 1968 but did nothing to raise funds for the Republicans. In 1960, when he was president of the Good Humor ice cream company, Mahoney did take a three-month leave to work for a Nixon campaign committee in Washington, but he says that that has been the extent of his campaign activity.

Although Mahoney became chairman of the commission in the middle of 1970, it was not until February 1972, more than eighteen months after he had taken over, that the commission came up with its first major idea—the fifty-state parks plan. And that had all the earmarks of a hasty decision.

"The manner in which the Bicentennial Parks plan was unveiled on February 21 was most extraordinary," Richard P. McCormick, a professor of history at Rutgers University and a member of the commission, protested to Mahoney in a letter written two days after the commission meeting at which the parks proposal was discussed. "There was no hint that it was to be included on the agenda. . . . Even following your extremely effective oral presentation, we were not given any descriptive text until, in the course of the discussion, I requested that it be distributed. The discussion revealed a marked unwillingness on the part of the members [of the commission] to endorse the program. . . . To have a proposal of such magnitude sprung on us in such a manner was demeaning. . . . In our full meetings we listen to many 'presentations,' engage in inconclusive discussions, rarely adopt resolutions on major policy issues. We do not receive detailed financial reports, or even a statement of how the commission's funds are budgeted."

However little the commission members knew of the parks proposal before it was presented to them, the plan nevertheless is one of the few indications that the commission and its staff are doing something.

In a Senate speech last December Senator Mathias said, "The commission has responded with resounding silence or rhetoric and very little else to far too many imaginative and thoughtful proposals.

"In everything it does," Mathias added, "even more in everything it fails to do—it reflects the attitude of that anonymous civil servant who, when somebody suggested 'The Ongoing Revolution' as an overall title and theme for the bicentennial, gave a nervous giggle and said: 'Oh, no. That wouldn't do. We've got to stay away from the word "revolution" at all costs.'

"Small wonder, then," Mathias concluded, "that unless somebody does something about it we are going to observe the bicentennial of the greatest revolution in human history with what has aptly been described as the 'most unrevolutionary celebration imaginable.'"

Mathias has suggested that the commission consider such proposals as the development of "urban innovations" in transportation, communication, medical care, housing, and environmental control. As one example, he cites the need for a truly high-speed rail system linking Washington, New York, and Boston.

But the commission has been extremely timid in its approach to urban and social problems. When at a meeting last winter it gave its endorsement to the fight against sickle cell anemia, a disease that afflicts blacks, a staff member commented: "And that's about all you're going to get for black people out of that commission."

Last February, when he was still a member of the House, Representative Morse told his colleagues: "To date the only bicentennial projects that have received the 'official sanction' of the commission are the Denver 1976 Winter Olympics; the Iowa Bicentennial Commission's 1976 World Food Expo; urban renewal plans for Niagara Falls, New York; bicentennial programs at the Mount Rushmore National Shrine in South Dakota; and the city of Detroit's plans for an urban transportation center. While these projects are all worthwhile and commendable, I fear that the 200th anniversary of the American Revolution will come and go with no more engagement of the creative energies of the American people than the usual bonfires and fireworks' displays, if the commission continues to operate at its present pace.

"Another disturbing aspect of the commission," Morse went on to say, "has been its practice of holding business meetings in secrecy. All four of the 1971 meetings of the full commission were held behind closed doors, as if the commission were dealing with classified documents rather than a democratic celebration that belongs to all of the people."

When a group, invoking the Freedom of Information Act, requested to see transcripts of the official commission's meetings, Eugene J. Skora, the commission's general counsel, wrote to Director LeVant: "I recommend that the . . . transcripts be reviewed to isolate questionable material—i.e., that which could be embarrassing or that which comes within any of the exemptions of the act. Such material should then be reviewed by the director and/or the chairman and a decision made on its availability to the applicants."

The request to unveil the commission's transcripts came from a group called the People's American Revolutionary Bicentennial Commission, one of the countercelebration organizations that, in the full spirit of the 1970s, has arisen to challenge the official bicentennial commission. The People's Commission is made up of a dozen men and women in their twenties and early thirties led by veteran antiwar activist Jeremy Rifkin and headquartered in a one-room office in an old building on Washington's Dupont Circle.

In a pamphlet the people's group explains its aims: "The fact that local and state governments and the business community are planning to celebrate America's bicentennial provides activist groups with the opportunity to chal-

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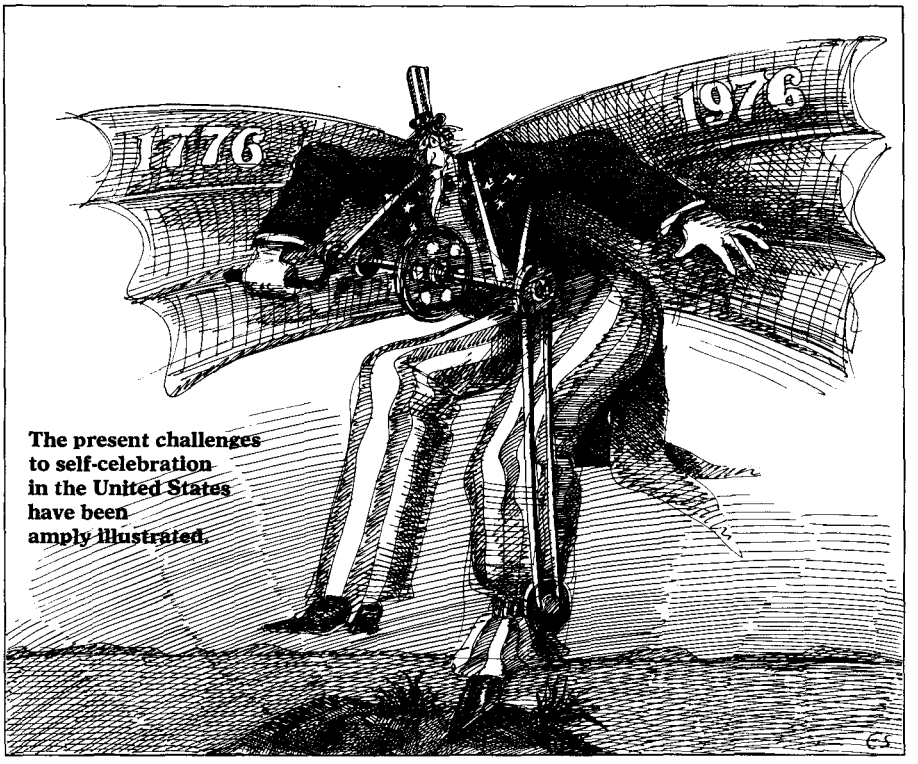

The present challenges to self-celebration in the United States have been amply illustrated.

lenge their legitimacy and to draw public attention to alternative perspectives and programs and the reordering of social priorities. . . . A few of the many areas around which local PBCs [People's Bicentennial Commissions] might organize are tax policies, noise, water and air pollution, hunger, health care, child care, old-age care, racial and sexual discrimination, civil liberties, political corruption, prison reform, unemployment, inflation, industrial health and safety, corporate abuse, land speculation, crime, consumer protection, education, recreational alternatives, mass media, and political representation." Any omissions in this list of social ills, one begins to feel, are strictly inadvertent.

Something called the Afro-American Bicentennial Corporation has also recently come into being in Washington. This organization is headed by Vincent A. DeForest and Robert A. DeForrest, who, despite the different spellings of their last name, are brothers. DeForest and DeForrest are seeking increased participation by blacks in the bicentennial hoopla and have acquired a National Parks Service grant for the purpose of conducting a nationwide inventory to identify historic sites and buildings commemorating the contributions of blacks to American history.

The bicentennial has also brought forth a new publication—a newsletter called *USA 200*, edited by Richard W. Barrett, the first executive director of the official Bicentennial Commission, and John E. Harr, an old friend of Barrett's and, like him, a former government employee. The newsletter has a circulation of only 1,200, but its informed analysis of the commission's activity—or, as has been more often the case, lack of activity—has made it influential.

In fact, Barrett and Harr probably were the first persons to think about the bicentennial in any organized way. As long ago as 1964, when both men were working in the State Department, they were talking at first casually at odd luncheons and then seriously about how the bicentennial should be celebrated. Like so many of the things surrounding bicentennial plans, their thinking was not altogether altruistic. Barrett and Harr were working for an Assistant Secretary of State who they did not think would last long in the then still new Johnson administration, and they were beginning to wonder where their next in-and-out baskets would be coming from.

Barrett became so interested in the bicentennial that he put together a 100-page memorandum listing all the obvious possibilities for celebrating the event, and that memo turned out to be the first working paper that the initial Bicentennial Commission chairman, Carlisle Humelsine, was handed when he took office in 1967.

Like so many others who are, or have been, associated with bicentennial planning, Barrett had hoped that the symbolism of the event could be used to revitalize and reunite the country. One idea Barrett was pushing in particular was a proposal for a White House conference on the bicentennial that would, in his words, "bring together diverse groups and ask how well we have already done, how we can do better, and how we can use this period of commemoration and rededication."

But after Nixon was elected in 1968, says Barrett, "I realized that the things I was interested in wouldn't fly." Barrett is now an outsider looking in from the safe redoubt of John D. Rockefeller III's New York office, where he works as a consultant. He is no admirer of the bicentennial commissioner appointed by President Nixon. "Mahoney," says Barrett, "drove off the staff people and others who were interested in using the bicentennial to restate our goals and rebuild our country. He approached it like he would market a new product—unveil something, anything, and promote the hell out of it. Run it like a business."

President Nixon's own thoughts, to the extent that he has publicly expressed them, also seem to preclude the idealistic rebuilding role that Barrett had in mind for the bicentennial, if for no other reason than that the President evidently does not feel that any rebuilding is needed. "To look at America with clear eyes today," the President said in a television broadcast officially opening the "Bicentennial Era" on the eve of July Fourth last year, "is to see every reason for pride and little for shame, great cause for gratitude and little for regret, strong grounds for hope and none at all for despair. The crucial challenge now is to hold the high ground of confidence, courage, and faith that is rightly ours and to avoid the quicksand of fear and doubt."

Perhaps. Meanwhile the nation's contortions and difficulties in planning its bicentennial are hardly likely to inspire confidence in much of anything. Still, optimistically, the nation may develop clearer, nobler grounds for self-confidence and self-celebration by 1976. Whoever is going to be President then may, in fact, attempt to make the bicentennial itself an inspiration to such a development. Lyn Carrol, a member of the commission staff since 1968 and now the senior bicentennial planner, thinks this is likely to happen. "Whoever wins the election in November," says Carrol, "will say to himself, 'I'm going to be the bicentennial President.' If Nixon is re-elected, what a way to go out, on the crest of 1976! And if the Democratic nominee wins, what a way for him to launch his campaign for re-election!"

Ultimately, it is probably only the President, whoever he is, who can turn the bicentennial into a time of reunification for the United States. But it will take much more than Fourth of July rhetoric. Such an effort will need a genuine commitment from the President—eventually from the nation as a whole—including a generous allocation of federal funds for nation building, and *re*building. □

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THE RALPH NADER OF INSURANCE

How Pennsylvania's feisty insurance commissioner saves consumers millions.

BY DANIEL GROTTA

"That should shake those bastards up a bit," says Commissioner Herbert S. Denenberg, grinning wolfishly as a TV camera crew shuts off its recording equipment in his bustling Harrisburg office. This has been the second TV interview of the morning for Pennsylvania's feisty, sharp-tongued, entertaining, and always controversial insurance commissioner—a man frequently referred to as the Ralph Nader of the insurance business. "Do you think this will make the 6:00 news?" Denenberg asks the WPVI-TV interviewer in a deceptively innocent voice.

Before the interviewer can reply, Denenberg snatches up a ringing telephone from the top of his cluttered desk. More press. The city editor of *The Philadelphia Daily News*, it seems, is calling to complain that his competitor—*The Evening Bulletin*—has just published a page-one story based on Denenberg's barbed and highly printable response to a rate increase proposed by Blue Shield. How come the *Daily News* never received a copy of Denenberg's statement? the editor wants to know. "Sorry, Paul," Denenberg says, explaining in a conciliatory tone that his new press secretary must have goofed. "I'll put a copy on the next train—express." Hanging up, Denenberg dictates a rapid-fire memo ordering that next Friday's scheduled press release be sent a few hours early to the *Daily News*, just to even the score.

As the TV crew departs, one of Denenberg's assistants brushes past, bringing in the early edition of *The Evening Bulletin*. The forty-two-year-old commissioner smiles as he sees his name spread across the front page, between headlines about the war and the death of J. Edgar Hoover. It is a rare day that Herb Denenberg does not get top billing in the Pennsylvania press when he issues one of his frequent broadsides against the insurance industry or any of its sometime allies, including trial lawyers, doctors, hospitals, and the automobile industry.

Daniel Grotta is a freelance writer living in Philadelphia. He frequently writes on state and city personalities.

One insurance executive shouts "Denenberg" every time he hits a golf ball.

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Since he marched into the state capital in January 1971 as a little-noticed member of Governor Milton J. Shapp's consumer-oriented cabinet, the acerbic ex-business school professor and his flamboyant style have become so popular with Pennsylvanians that Governor Shapp often begins his own stump speeches by saying, "You may not know me, but I'm the guy who brought Herb Denenberg to Harrisburg."

In Pennsylvania, as elsewhere, the public was more than ready to have a consumer champion articulate their dissatisfactions with the nation's $263-billion insurance industry and then try to reform it. In many so-called high-risk urban areas, for instance, home protection and auto insurance simply cannot be bought. Policies available in other places are steadily more costly as premiums spiral up to cover fast-rising medical bills and auto-repair costs. Furthermore, insurance policies are written in such detail and with such baffling complexity as to be virtually noncompetitive. Buyers of life insurance, for example, find themselves at the mercy of high-powered salesmen simply because even well-informed nonexperts are at a loss when trying to compare the fine print of one policy with that of another.

Denenberg's attack on the problem has been three-pronged. First, he has used all of his considerable wiles and dramatic ability to make the complex questions of insurance reform comprehensible enough to be discussed in newspapers, on television, and at the breakfast table. Second, he has exercised the legal authority of his state office to prevent increases in insurance premiums and to demand cost-cutting reforms from hospitals. Finally, by issuing clear and simple consumer guides to insurance buying, he believes he will be able to save Pennsylvania insurance buyers as much as $3 billion by 1974.

Beyond the Alleghenies Dr. Denenberg is well known to insurance professionals as the man who, while teaching at the University of Pennsylvania's prestigious Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, helped draft into law the first no-fault auto insurance plan. But the national, nonprofessional, consumer public is clearly beginning to hear of him, too. Requests for his office's latest guide to life insurance, which pour into Harrisburg at a rate of 5,000 a day, come from places as far away as Canada. Denenberg's tactic of challenging the industry via the media is what he calls "mobilizing consumer support." The outraged industry sees his brashness as "attention-grabbing stunts." But either way Denenberg seems to be well on his way to confirming a recent prediction made by Ralph Nader, the consumer advocate. "Herb Denenberg," Nader said, "is going to be the best insurance commissioner this country has ever had."

The Pennsylvania Insurance Department—or that of any other state—is a seemingly unlikely place from which to launch an attack on the multibillion-dollar insurance business. Since state regulation of insurance practices became standard in the 1920s, these commissions, like many kinds of regulatory agencies, have tended to be more responsive to the needs and interests of organized industry pressure groups than to the scattered complaints of insurance buyers. The state commissioners' powers are generally extensive. It is they who determine what forms of insurance can be sold in their states and they who must approve companies' requests for changes in coverage, benefits, or premium (prices). Despite all these powers, however, "it is not so much that regulation hasn't worked," as one observer puts it wryly; "it's more like nobody's tried it."

Denenberg's powers do not significantly differ from those of other state insurance commissioners. The difference lies in the way in which he is using them.

Taking office nineteen months ago, the short, red-haired Denenberg declared, "As commissioner, I want action—lots of it," and in less than a week he got it. Blue Cross of Greater Philadelphia hit the Insurance Department with an urgent request to raise the price of its premiums. If granted, this increase would have cost the 2.4 million subscribers to the company's health plans in and around Philadelphia's Delaware River Valley nearly $73 million. Denenberg had the authority to grant the request or to refuse it. He decided to refuse and to order public hearings on the matter, inviting Philadelphia's educational television station to cover the five-day proceedings. Far from being the dreary sort of technical session one might expect, the hearings turned out to be one of the liveliest shows on local TV—with Denenberg touching off verbal fireworks every few minutes.

Denenberg's plan was to use the hearings to call public attention to the fact that health insurance premiums need not be monotonously increased year after year—indeed, they could even be lowered—if only the giant health insurers, such as Blue Cross, which negotiate contracts with hospitals and set standard fees for the various medical services provided, would use their influence to force the hospitals to economize, being mindful of their patients' bankbooks as well as of their blood pressure.

The hearings had barely begun when the commissioner galvanized the proceedings by ordering Blue Cross officials to renegotiate a more economical contract with the Delaware Valley Hospital Council, which represents 70 per cent of the hospitals in the Philadelphia area. The Blue Cross officials looked bewildered. It wasn't that the commissioner didn't have the power to order them to go back and revise the fees they had agreed to pay; it was just that no commissioner in memory had ever thought to do so.

"I assume you will confirm your statement in writing?" one stunned Blue Cross spokesman asked meekly.

"Certainly," Denenberg shot back. Then, making sure the TV cameras were pointed his way, he picked up a note pad, tore off a page, scribbled something on it, and passed it to the Blue Cross official. It read:

"Blue Cross of Greater Philadelphia, Please move to renegotiate . . . in writing.
Herbert S. Denenberg"

Since roughly 40 per cent of the revenues of the hospitals in the Delaware Valley Hospital Council comes from the insurance reimbursements of Blue Cross, Blue Cross had plenty of financial leverage to back up its demand that hospitals must hold costs down. But Blue Cross had to be forced to *use* its leverage, Denenberg believed, and Blue Cross, in turn, would have to apply serious pressure to the hospitals before any economizing would be accomplished. "Hospitals never did have to give a damn about costs," the commissioner explained. "They never had any incentive to keep them down."

Throughout the week of hearings, Denenberg timed his bombshells for maximum publicity. One day he announced that his department was going to prepare a "shopper's guide" to Philadelphia hospitals. Prospective patients would be able to hunt for the best medical bargains. On another day he advised Blue Cross to reorganize its governing board by appointing more consumers so that they, rather than doctors, would form the majority.

The commissioner's sharpest attacks, however, were reserved for the hospitals themselves. Carefully picking his words, he branded the hospitals "country clubs for the medical profession." Then he reeled off a list of more than thirty money-saving and service-improving reforms that the hospitals ought to adopt. Until those reforms were put into practice, he went on to say, he would not even consider permitting Blue Cross to raise any premiums.

Among the reforms the commissioner demanded were the closing down of facilities known to be unsafe and the abandonment of certain prestigious medical units—such as those for open-heart surgery—that were so little used that they were not economi-

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cal. Generic drugs, he also said, must be dispensed instead of the more expensive brand-name products. Consumers should be included on hospital boards, and hospitals should stop tacking onto patients' bills overhead items that do not relate to the patients' care. "As we saw it," Denenberg recalls, "there was no sense in pumping more insurance money into that hospital system without demanding a little quality and efficiency in return."

With Blue Cross back at the bargaining table, negotiations with the Delaware Valley Hospital Council dragged on for nearly a year. "Those Delaware Valley Hospital Council guys made the nineteenth-century robber barons look like selfless humanitarians," says Denenberg. With Blue Cross caught in the middle, Denenberg finally softened his opposition to premium increases, granting Blue Cross a $9.6-million rate increase—approximately one-eighth of what it had originally asked for. Throughout the period of negotiations the commissioner kept hospital reform a live issue through an endless flow of press releases, newspaper interviews, and TV appearances.

In the final contract, although the hospitals refused to disclose doctors' salaries or to turn their boards over to "consumers," as Denenberg had wished, a surprising number of his demands were agreed to. Two hospitals running heavily in the red were closed. The seventeen expensive open-heart units in the Philadelphia hospital system are being consolidated into four.

More than merely benefiting Blue Cross insurance buyers, these and other new cost-cutting measures also seem to be disproving the hospitals' own most serious fears—that the contract would force them to cut the quality of service or go out of business. A national magazine for doctors, *The New Physician*, has in fact commented in a recent editorial: "The unmistakable conclusion—thus far—must be that Dr. Denenberg's meddling in the health-care system can hardly be classified as a disaster—for medicine, the doctors who practice it, or, most important, the patient." And, according to the science writer for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, the renegotiated contract will save the Blue Cross subscribers in the Philadelphia area an impressive wad of premium money—at least $65 million a year.

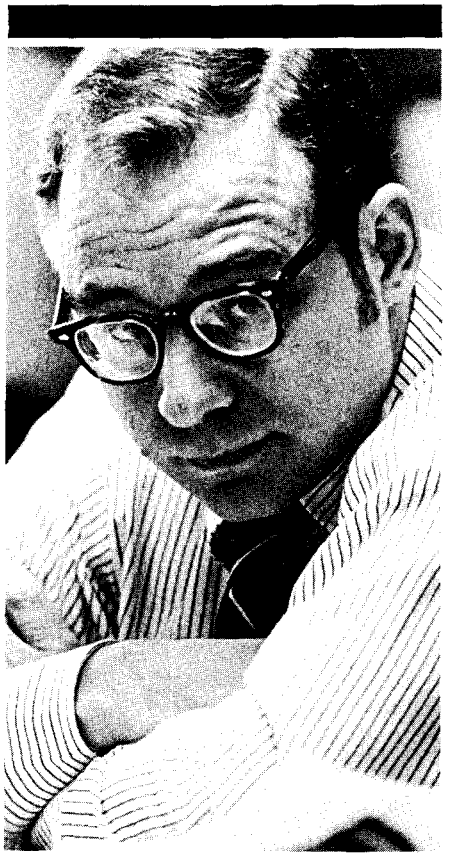
Denenberg is quick to make clear that his complaint against Blue Cross is limited to its past failure to use its leverage with the hospitals on the consumer's behalf. With the quality and efficiency of coverage offered in the health plans of the nonprofit organization, he has no quibble. The Blue Cross system pays back in benefits an average of 97 cents for every premium dollar it takes in, he admits. However, the same praise, Denenberg says, cannot be given the commercial, profit-making insurance companies that write hospital coverage for some 126 million Americans. Commercial companies tend to return as much as Blue Cross in their group plans, but the policies sold to individuals typically return benefits amounting to only 50 per cent or less of the premium dollars they take in. The rest is siphoned off in overhead, sales commissions, and profits. Many of the commercial policies offered to individuals Denenberg characterizes as "worthless, junk, fraud." One cancer policy offered by American Family Life Assurance Company that he banned from sale in Pennsylvania was returning as little as 7 cents on the buyer's dollar.

The trouble for buyers of individual commercial policies is that the average person has little chance of figuring out just what his premium dollars are buying. Denenberg admits that even he, with a Ph.D. in insurance and a staff of 250 employees to help him, has trouble understanding the hair-splitting distinctions made in the more than 6,000 new varieties of health insurance contracts he has been asked to approve since he took office.

The almost endless subdividing of compensations for possible injuries—so much will be paid for the loss of three fingers on the left hand, and so much for the loss of the right eye—can discourage even the most diligent insurance shopper from carefully reading and comparing policies. Furthermore, some policies, according to Denenberg, appear to be written in deliberately deceptive language. "National Home," he says, "tries to make even an exclusion for pre-existing conditions sound like a bonanza, a bonus, a good deal"—to wit, "If you are sick before you take out this policy, you will be covered for that condition after the policy has been in effect for only two years." Similar language appears in a Union Fidelity contract. Still other loopholes are common, concealed in fine print. All too often, for example, policy holders discover that their coverage does not take effect until thirty days after they have paid their first premium, or that even though their policy covers a cancer treatment, the insurer will not pay the bill for accidental radiation burns caused by the treatment. If there are too many loopholes, the insurance buyer comes out with what Walter Reuther once called the "buffalo policy": You can collect only if you are run over by a herd of buffaloes at high noon.

Denenberg thinks commercial insurance companies should be under legal obligation to let potential buyers know how much of each premium dollar the company pays back in benefits, how much goes into the commissions of sales agents, and what is the average claim paid for the different items the policy covers. He also believes that the hundreds of marginally different twists in coverage, the "gimmicks and curlicue contracts," should be reduced to "perhaps a half-dozen" standard common-sense variations. Denenberg's staff is now working on developing standardized versions of policies for such basic types of coverage as routine medical costs (e.g., medical check-ups and pregnancy), major medical costs (e.g., serious illness and accidents), and long-term disability. The department's intent is to try to get state laws passed that will permit only such standardized policies to be sold in Pennsylvania.

Another of Denenberg's points of attack against commercial insurance companies has been directed at what he sees as deceptive advertising sales gimmicks. Here again, the commissioner is not in the least reluctant to



If commercial insurers cannot improve quality and cut costs, they should stop writing insurance, says Denenberg.

Photographs by Ed Eckstein

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name names in public. During a recent appearance on a Baltimore talk show, for example, WJZ's Larry Angel asked Denenberg to explain what he considered to be deceptive advertising. The commissioner began talking about a commercial for National Home Life Assurance performed by radio and TV personality Art Linkletter. "You know me," Linkletter said in the commercial. "I wouldn't recommend anything I didn't honestly believe in. And I think that National Home's six-hundred-dollar-a-month plan is about the best additional protection you can give your family. . . ." What the ad *didn't* tell the public, Denenberg went on to say, was that not only did Linkletter have a five-year, $250,000 contract with National Home's parent company, National Liberty Corporation, but also that he was both a stockholder in and director of National Liberty.

As the commissioner continued to berate National Home for "lousy and expensive" coverage, a production assistant frantically scrawled on a cue card that Angel should change the subject—and fast. National Home Life Assurance was a sponsor. Earlier Denenberg had attacked Linkletter and the National Home Life Assurance Company with the following words in a press release: "Maybe this Madison Avenue hogwash is acceptable in selling other products, but we think insurance is too important a product for any sales techniques that don't meet the highest standards of honesty and fair disclosure."

Last May Denenberg moved beyond piecemeal attacks on the commercial companies to suggest before the Senate antitrust and monopoly subcommittee, which routinely holds hearings on insurance company practices, that "the time has come to require commercial insurance companies to demonstrate effective cost and quality performance or stop writing insurance." The public interest, he went on to suggest, might best be served by the federal government's granting a health insurance monopoly to Blue Cross, Blue Shield, and other similar nonprofit insurers.

Denenberg's proposal for a federal monopoly for Blue Cross on individual policies led committee member Edward M. Kennedy to ask the commissioner his views on national health insurance—one of Kennedy's own major interests. Wouldn't a federally sponsored health insurance plan be an even more effective alternative for ensuring the public's welfare than a Blue Cross monopoly? he asked.

Denenberg's answer was a qualified no. Medicare, the nation's first experiment in government-sponsored medical care, had had a disastrous effect on the price of medicine in this country, he said. Medical costs had been rising about 3.5 per cent a year in the six years before Medicare became available in 1966. Then, from 1966 to 1967, they surged up more than twice as fast, increasing 7.5 per cent. The impact on hospital costs was even more startling; these costs shot up almost 22 per cent the year Medicaid came in—a rate nearly three times faster than the 7.5 per cent they had pushed up the year before. Unless a national health insurance program had the power to hold down the price of medical care built into it, said Denenberg, it would only aggravate present inefficiencies and overpricing in medicine.

Throughout the morning, as Denenberg flung verbal darts at commercial insurance companies—they were "inadequate," "overpriced," and "no good"—he repeatedly locked horns with Republican Senator Edward J. Gurney of Florida, who seemed to be out to defend the commercial policy writers. When Gurney finally asked Denenberg whether he wasn't just plain anti-insurance, the commissioner quipped: "No. I love it. Without it I'd be out of a job."

"I get a real buzz out of what I'm doing," says Denenberg, whose motto is: "The public has been screwed long enough."

The energetic young assistants the commissioner has collected around him in Harrisburg, dubbed Denenberg's Demons by the insurance companies, pour most of their investigative energies into the tedious task of compiling information for the shopper's guides to insurance, which Denenberg promised in his early, televised go-around with Blue Cross. Requests for the free guides have come in so thick and fast that volunteers, including Denenberg's red-haired wife, Naomi, regularly stop by the office to help mail them. "We could keep the whole department busy doing nothing but putting out these shopping guides because the public gobbles them up like peanuts," says Denenberg. "A lot of the letters we get say, 'My God, why wasn't this done thirty years ago?' "

When the department released its "Shopper's Guide to Hospitals," which showed that daily charges to patients in different Philadelphia hospitals might be as low as $35 or as high as $200.17, the Pennsylvania Hospital Association immediately attacked the guide in the press. The association's chief quarrel with the guide was that it misled potential patients by suggesting they could shop for hospitals the same way they shop for cars or refrigerators. In actuality, of course, hospital-bound patients are obliged to stay at the hospital with which their doctor is affiliated. Denenberg's retort to the Hospital Association was, "Would *you* want to go to a doctor who sent you to a hospital that was unsafe or that overcharged?" Price, he was quick to add, was not the only criterion by which one should choose a hospital. But it was as good a point as any, he maintained, with which to start making objective comparisons.

Last February Denenberg's Demons followed their guide to hospitals with a "Shopper's Guide to Auto Insurance," which, astonishingly, revealed that one company may charge more than 50 per cent more than another that writes a virtually identical policy. For example, a nineteen-year-old man driving a Mustang in Philadelphia may pay as little as $1,083 or as much as $1,716 for liability insurance.

The latest, and by far most controversial, of the commission's guides is the "Shopper's Guide to Life Insurance," released last April. This guide compares the "straight" life insurance policies of the fifty largest companies that sell in Pennsylvania. Straight life insurance, in addition to paying death benefits, carries a stated, and steadily growing, cash value after the first year, against which the policy holder may borrow money from the insurance company. After ten, fifteen, or twenty

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Add the reflexes of electronic fuel injection to the agility of front-wheel drive and you've got one hell of a machine.

Introducing the Renault 17 Sports Coupe.

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*Suggested price P.O.E. Slightly higher on the West Coast. Freight, taxes, options and preparation additional. Renault, Inc., 100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632.

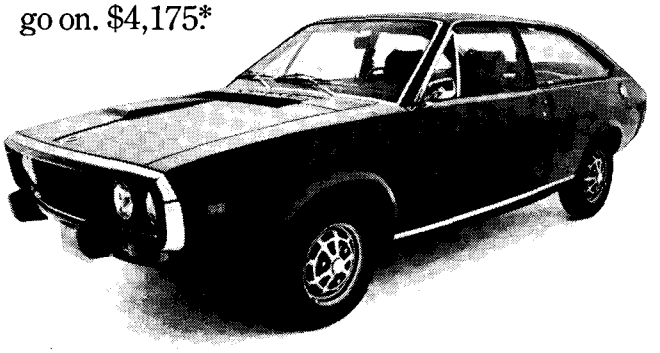
Either refinement alone would make for a markedly better sports coupe. Together they knock the competition on its...ears.

The Bosch fuel injection system takes continuous readings on variables like engine temperature, intake manifold pressure and r.p.m.'s, and feeds the data into an electronic "brain" composed of 220 components, including transistors and diodes.

The net result is a fantastically responsive gas pedal. Immediate. Unbalky. As advanced as the car it propels.

If fuel injection is a better way to make an engine go, front-wheel drive is a better way to make a car go. Front-wheel drive allows our Sports Coupe to gobble up curves, ignore crosswinds, and sneer at ice and snow.

To round out the sheer joy of handling this machine, it also comes packed with these standard features: 4-on-the-floor synchromesh gear box, rack-and-pinion steering, steel-belted radial tires, OHV hemi-head engine that does 0-60 in 11.9 seconds, power-assisted disc brakes all around, tachometer, electric windows, rear window defogger, molded bucket seats, carpeting, and tinted glass. We could go on. $4,175.*

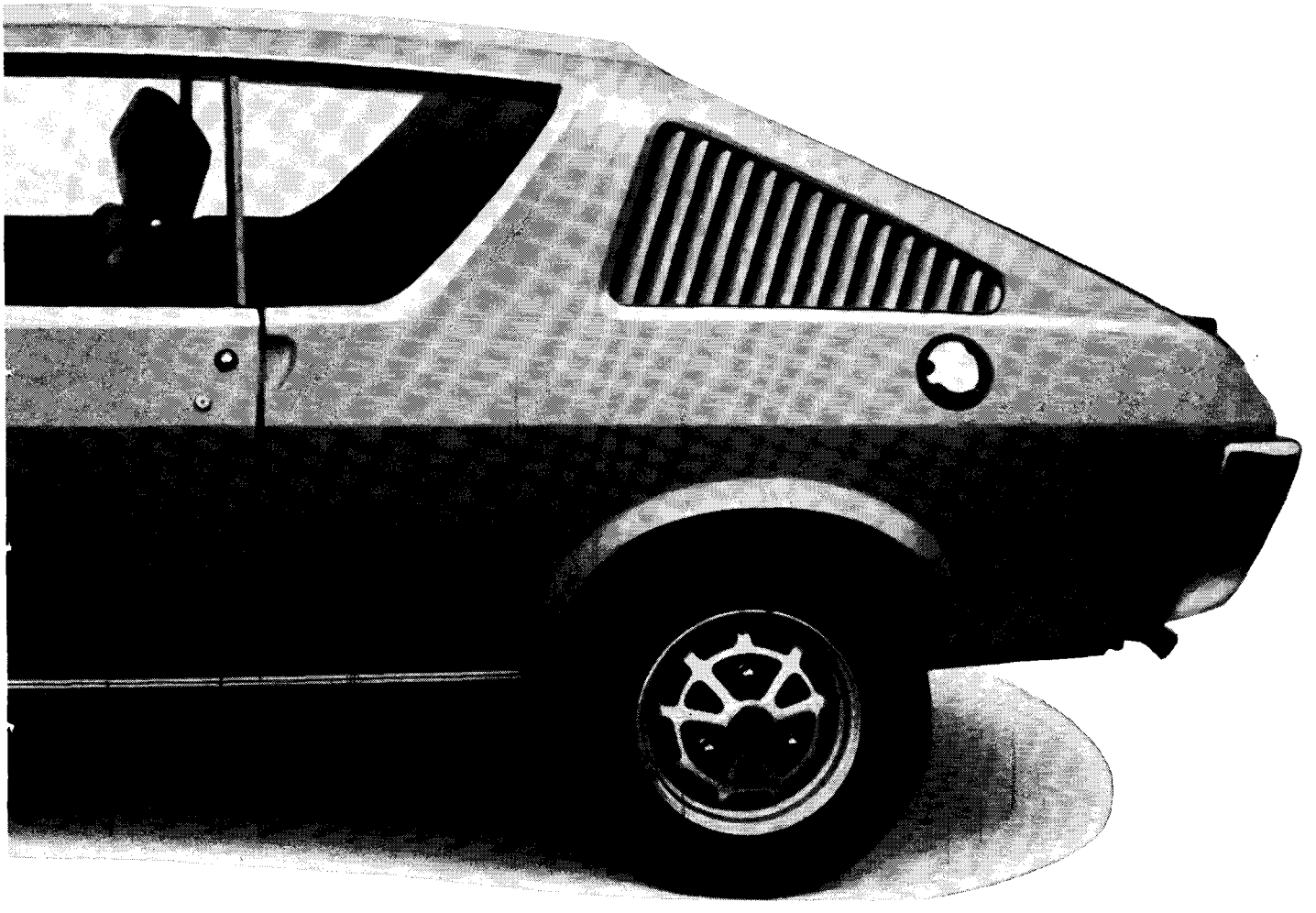


The new Renault 15 Coupe.

At $3,325* the Coupe is a most tempting alternative. While it doesn't have all the sophistications of the Sports Coupe, it does have the same front-wheel drive, steering and gear box. Which means it'll drive circles around every sport coupe around. Except one.

RENAULT

World's largest producer of front-wheel drive cars.



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years a straight life insurance policy is said to have matured and premiums cease. At that point the policy holder may, if he wishes, take the policy's full value out in cash. Straight life insurance has become the most popular form of life insurance since it combines protection with savings.

But it is precisely all the complex options afforded by straight life insurance that make the various company policies so difficult for the prospective buyer to compare. There does exist one technical study that includes comparative figures on what the different companies' policies actually offer, but the book costs $25, and, according to Denenberg, "it's incomprehensible to the average guy. What our guide does is make the numbers simple and free."

Looking at the standard $10,000, twenty-year policy that each of the fifty companies sells, the Denenberg guide shows what the buyer is actually getting in return for his money if he buys the policy at the age of twenty, thirty-five, or fifty. "Costs" that the companies deduct from premiums before applying them to the policy's cash value are compared. "Costs" reflect basically the amount of the insurance buyers' money that goes into the company's overhead, commissions, and profits. Put simply, what the guide asks is: How much of the premium dollar goes into the insurance buyer's account, and how much is simply siphoned off to cover the insurance company's own cost of doing business?

The guide shows that, among the fifty companies studied, "costs" subtracted from straight life premiums vary as much as 170 per cent. And, surprisingly, it is those companies appearing to offer the best buys—that is, policies with the lowest premiums—that, in fact, take out the most to cover their own costs. Conversely, policies asking the highest premiums tend to be the best buys since their costs are relatively low, with more of the premium dollar going directly into raising the cash value of policies.

Less than a week after the guide's publication, the Insurance Federation of Pennsylvania, the industry's lobby, began blitzing the media with counter-attacking press releases. "The Pennsylvania Insurance Commissioner has, in his usual way, done it again . . . double-talked his way into the mind of the consumer with this latest 'Shoppers' Guide to Life Insurance,'" one statement began. It quoted the federation's chairman, Edmund Zalinski, who said Denenberg has done both the public and the industry a disservice "by placing an overemphasis on cost factors, and by charging . . . a lack of [price] competition. . . . We ask the commissioner how can there be a lack of competition in the insurance field when there are over 480 licensed companies [selling life insurance] in the Commonwealth?"

Zalinski advised buyers to disregard the guide and seek "the best guide of all . . . a walking, talking guide, licensed by the insurance department"—a life insurance agent. He invited people to call a toll-free number for consumer information. When *The Evening Bulletin*'s columnist Rose DeWolf called the toll-free number, however, she was referred to an agent of one of the companies that writes relatively expensive policies.

Denenberg dismisses the federation's criticism. "The companies," he says, "sure don't compete by offering lower prices to the public. The only competition they have is in the commissions they pay agents to push their policies instead of someone else's. Agents' commissions can run as high as ninety or one hundred per cent of the first year's premium."

Sales agents of the high-cost companies are, as Denenberg puts it, "screaming and hollering" at their companies to bring down costs as a result of the guide. And apparently some companies are scrambling to respond with changes that will improve their comparative standing in the guide. In his first updating of the guide's "Ten Least Wanted List" at an Engineering Society of Baltimore dinner early in May Denenberg announced that Wabash Life Insurance had dropped off the list. It had been replaced appropriately, considering where Denenberg was speaking, by Monumental Life Insurance of Baltimore.

Denenberg's Demons are now busily preparing still more guides to home insurance, health insurance, and other kinds of life insurance. But Denenberg himself has shifted his top priority from the guides to pressing for adoption of a no-fault automobile insurance bill by the Pennsylvania legislature. With no-fault auto insurance, the victim of an automobile accident can collect money directly from his own insurance company for medical expenses and for wages lost during recovery. A good no-fault law would obviate the present practice, which requires that persons claiming compensation for injuries must prove in court that their injuries were sustained as a result of the fault of another driver—and then collect from that driver's insurance company.

The effect of no-fault would be to reduce insurance premiums by eliminating for insurance companies the cost of the lawyers who fight the court battles over "fault." Those legal fees to be saved are presumed to far outweigh anything the companies would pay in additional claim settlements. A 1970 U.S. Department of Transportation study of 200,000 lawsuits concerning auto accidents showed that, of the $1.4 billion awarded in settlements, only $700 million went to the injured. The other $700 million went to the lawyers. Called in as a consultant, Denenberg, while still a professor at The Wharton School, helped to draft the nation's first no-fault law for the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Since the law went into effect in 1970, auto insurance premiums on the island are a low $35 a year.

Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Massachusetts, and Maryland have all followed suit with no-fault laws of their own. But, according to Denenberg, in these laws the maximum amount accident victims can collect from their own companies is too low. To recover the costs of any serious, truly expensive accident, victims must still resort to the courts. The setting of such low ceilings in Massachusetts and elsewhere testifies to the trial lawyers' influence with state legislators, many of whom are lawyers themselves.

Out to show both legislators and lawyers what a real no-fault law should be, the Pennsylvania Insurance Commissioner first introduced into the legislature a bill to permit prompt no-fault collection of up to $36,000 for lost wages. It set no limit at all on medical expenses. That bill was killed in committee, but one of its effects was certainly to make Denenberg's second try seem modest by comparison. The second bill, still in committee, would set the no-fault limits at $9,130 for lost wages and $50,000 for medical expenses—both figures being high enough so that legislators may compromise with lobbying lawyers and still come out with a meaningful no-fault law.

It is Denenberg's constant and flamboyant pursuit of public backing on everything from hospital reform to no-fault that inspires the industry's most commonly voiced criticism of him—namely, that the brash attacks that amuse his audiences and rile the industry are in fact a calculated prelude to a bid for political office. David Shrager, president of the Pennsylvania Trial Lawyers Association, says with ill-concealed sarcasm, "I can't wait until he runs for governor, or senator, or President. He may even become the first President of the world." But Denenberg disclaims any immediate political ambitions. "If I started thinking about where I'm going next, my palms would get sweaty. I'd lose all my effectiveness," he says—quickly adding, "Besides, I'm having a lot of fun right where I am. I really get a buzz out of what I'm doing . . . catching up with all these bastards who've been

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There is no sense in paying insurance money to hospitals without demanding quality and efficiency in return.

screwing the public for a hundred years." Hanging above Denenberg's desk is a sign with his motto in Latin: POPULUS IAMDUDUM DEFUTUTUS EST. A rough translation is: "The public has been screwed long enough."

During working hours the commissioner rarely leaves his large office, the frenetic center of his campaign. The office reflects the dual weapons of that campaign—hard facts, and a to-hell-with-the-rules attitude. Cost-comparison charts, jammed with statistics, are scattered about on the walls and rolled up and stuffed on the tops of crammed bookcases, which are themselves filled with well-worn tomes on law and insurance. A cabinet marked SECRET hangs open. And though the office is ostensibly private, staff assistants wander in with matters to discuss, blatantly ignoring the commissioner's many NO SMOKING signs. Working straight through the lunch hour, Denenberg barely stops to gobble down his usual order of tomato soup and fruit cocktail, delivered from the state-operated cafeteria.

The extraordinary diligence of Denenberg is matched by his comprehensive knowledge of the insurance business. Few in fact could claim to be more qualified for the job he has set out to do. His academic credentials are formidable—a Ph.D. with distinction from The Wharton School and two law degrees, including one from Harvard. Shortly after he earned his doctorate in 1962, Denenberg joined the Wharton faculty. Six years later, at age thirty-six, he became the first Harry J. Loman Professor of Property and Liability Insurance at Wharton. Despite the fact that the chair was created with a $500,000 endowment from several large Philadelphia insurance companies, Denenberg was unremitting in his stinging criticism of the industry. "That half a million dollars," Denenberg muses in retrospect, "has got to be the worst investment those companies ever made."

While teaching, Denenberg became involved in virtually every significant insurance innovation or reform of the Sixties. In addition to coauthoring the first no-fault law, he served as special counsel and research director for President Johnson's National Advisory Panel on Insurance in Riot-Affected Areas—a board set up to investigate insurance practices in ghetto areas after the summer riots of 1967. One result of the board's work was FAIR, a plan to make state-administered insurance available to property owners in high-risk neighborhoods; it has since been adopted in twenty-six states. As a professor, Denenberg also wrote prolifically—reports on insurance practices for dozens of state and federal agencies, four textbooks about insurance, and more than 100 academic papers and articles, many penned under the pseudonym Humpty S. Dumpty.

As Denenberg's string of diverse degrees hints, he did not start out with a career in insurance regulation clearly in mind. Born in Omaha, Nebraska, he was the third son in a Russian immigrant family of eight. After taking a jurisprudence degree at Creighton University, he went into law practice with an older brother in Omaha. Not until he entered the army and was attached to the Judge Advocate General's Corps, frequently looking into GI insurance cases, did Denenberg become fascinated with the workings of insurance. Realizing how little the average lawyer knows about insurance and how seldom insurance people have any background in law, he thought that a hybrid career in law *and* insurance might offer unique opportunities. Discharged from the army, he headed for Harvard Law, and then on to Wharton.

During his military service Denenberg took a sociology degree at Johns Hopkins, where he met his future wife. "It was in biology lab. I killed her frog," he recalls. The Denenbergs have no children. They live in a large, high-rise apartment that overlooks the Susquehanna River. They have to dip into savings while they adjust to the difference between living on the $65,000 a year Denenberg made as a professor, consultant, and author and his present civil servant's salary of $25,000. At home the intense energy Denenberg turns on industry adversaries converts into an equally intense warmth and quick-humored friendliness. It is this two-sided quality of his aggressiveness that leads one friend to observe, "There's no middle ground with Denenberg. You're either his friend or his enemy. And the people he deals with either love him or hate him."

What doesn't change when Denenberg is with friends is that quirky inventiveness that constantly throws his opponents off guard. In the center of the Denenberg's living room is a Ping-Pong table, at which guests sit down to dinner. After coffee Denenberg clears the table and calls for a game of Ping-Pong.

"The clue to Herb," said another friend, "is that he will say anything just to test the reaction, or try almost any idea just to see if it will work." Perhaps nothing tells more about the degree to which this testy experimentation has bedeviled the staid insurance business in Pennsylvania than the black humor bantered around the industry's executive dining rooms. One Pittsburgh executive is reported to shout "Denenberg" every time he whacks a golf ball. A trade publication, *Insurance Field*, recently summed up the industry's feeling on the commissioner: "The ultimate impact of [Denenberg's consumer] philosophy on the industry is becoming more and more obvious . . . ; it may be legal, but it's murder."

All this criticism just evokes smiles from the one-time professor. "I feel kind of sorry for the bastards who have to do battle with us. They don't know what our game is. It's a new experience," he says, relishing his words. Then, after a moment of thoughtful pause, the insurance commissioner adds, "You know, nobody should be looking at us like weird animals. Basically, we're just doing what the hell government is supposed to do. People should be looking at the other regulators—at the ones who *aren't* doing what we're doing." □

The "Shopper's Guide to Life Insurance," offering information on the straight life insurance policies of fifty large insurers, can be ordered, at no cost, from the Office of the Commissioner, Pennsylvania Insurance Department, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120.

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MIDDLE AMERICA HAS ITS WOODSTOCK, TOO

They Call It the Indianapolis 500 Mile International Sweepstakes

BY JEFF GREENFIELD

It is a warm night, and the sky overhead is lit up by searchlights. Cars, campers, trucks, buses, station wagons—thousands of vehicles with thousands of people in and milling around them—are parked in ragged rows that stretch back and forth across the huge field at 30th Street off Georgetown Road in the All-American city of Indianapolis, Indiana.

A cacophany of jazz, pop, rock and roll blasts into the night from speakers hooked to radios, tape decks, and stereos. Hundreds of barbecue grills broil steaks, hamburgers, hot dogs. Oceans of beer, surely more than 100,000 bottles and cans of it, are popped and twist-snapped open. The whine of motorcycles, their single lights cutting through the dark, speed up and down the fire lanes between the rows of cars. Grown men with wives and children shout their *macho* yearnings at young women.

"Hey, sister, I'd sure like to get my dipstick into you!"

"Hey! Any of you girls wanna be liberated, you just come on over to this here camper, you hear? Sleeps six and lays twelve! Ha-ha-ha."

Almost as often, the men invoke another common denominator as well:

"Hey! Whattya drinkin'?"

"Coors! Great beer!"

"Aw, that's crap!"

"Goddamn, you don't know your beer!"

At the edge of the field, on a flat-bed truck, a pleasant, balding man in his sixties, who could be the principal of a small-town junior high school, is trying to spread the good word of the Gospel.

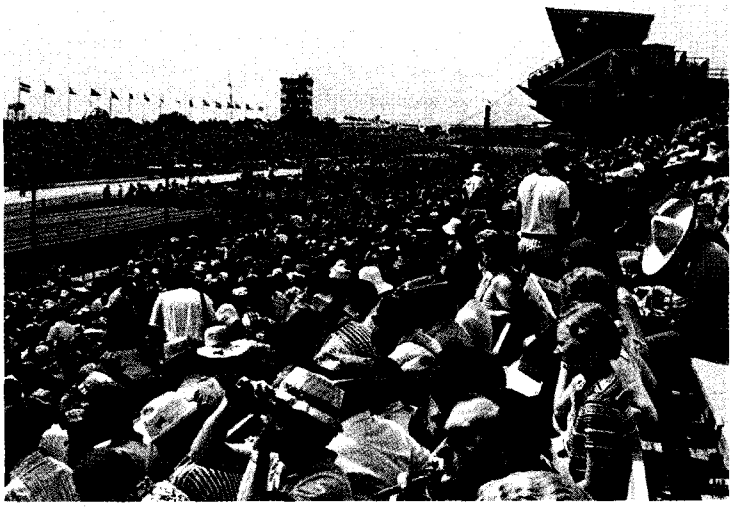
"You boys and girls, you've got to please God by faith. How about you, young lady? Would you like to be called a child of God tonight? How 'bout you, young fella? Will you overcome the world?"

"Somebody get the preacher a beer!" shouts a crew-cut boy of fifteen, who well might be singing in the preacher's choir on another weekend. But not this weekend. This is the Friday midnight of Memorial Day weekend, and for these thousands, it is a time for furious revelry, release, and a strange blend of fellowship and indulgence, all part of one of the most extraordinary conglomerations I have ever attended anywhere: The Indianapolis 500 Mile International Sweepstakes.

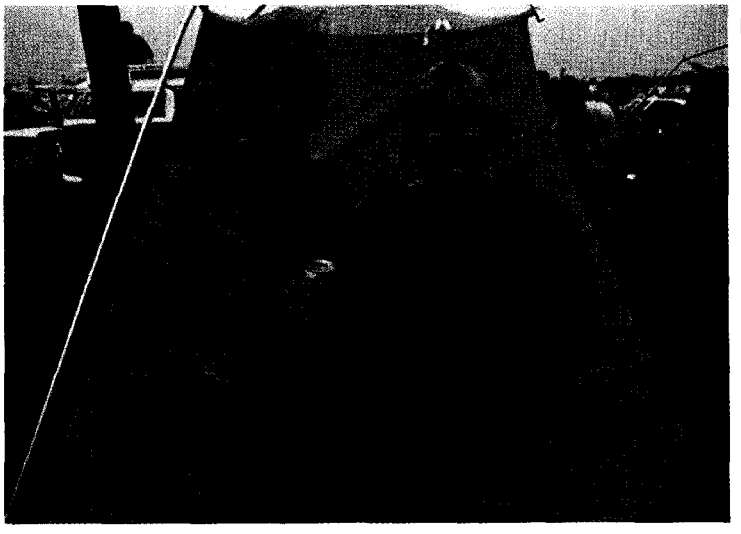
Every year more than 300,000 people pack the fields and stands around the track of the Indianapolis Speedway, ostensibly to witness the running of the 500 Mile Race, with its million dollars in prize money, record-breaking speeds, and a constant promise of fiery death. It is the single biggest event held in America; on any given year more Americans meet in one place at one time here at the speedway than anywhere else in the country.

From May 1, when the speedway opens for

Jeff Greenfield is a New York-based freelance writer and coauthor, with Jack Newfield, of *A Populist Manifesto*.



Some who come actually watch the race.



For many others, the 500 is a giant camp-in.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN SNYDER

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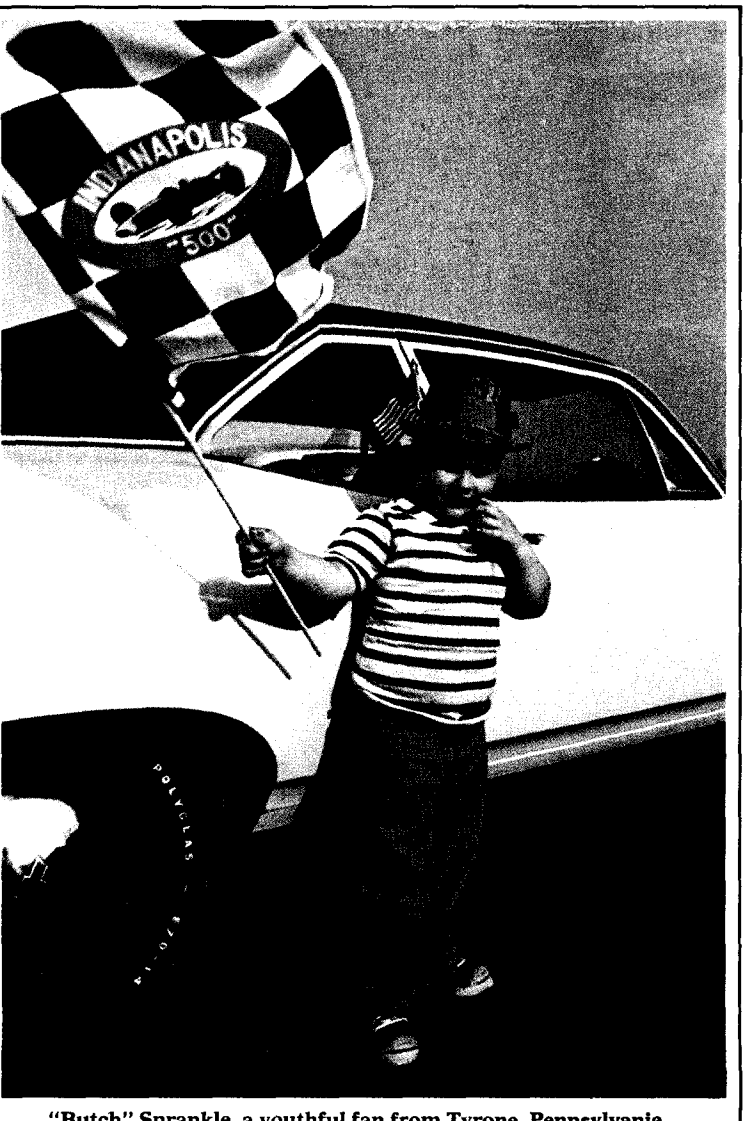
practice runs, through the time trials to determine who qualifies for entry into the race, up through the neosacred Race Day, a fever begins to build all through Indianapolis. Indiana newspapers fill page upon page with history, legend, predictions, and interviews with everyone from the hot-dog concessionaires to John MacKenzie, the man who carries into Victory Lane the ponderous Borg-Warner trophy with which to honor the winner. More than 100,000 people attend the time trials on the weekends before Memorial Day. By the Friday night before the race, fans who drive here from as far away as California and Oregon are settled in their beer-swilling camping areas, ready for the gates to swing open at 5:00 a.m. on Race Day, so they can guide their cars into the enormous infield area of the track. From this vantage point, where not more than a tenth of the track can be seen, the fans set up platforms and chairs on the tops of vehicles. The resulting cluster of humanity is something like a tract of suburbia writ small, each family or group carving out a few square feet of land. And there, under an increasingly hot sky, inhaling the stench of gasoline, burning rubber and charcoal, the fans eat and drink away the dawn and the morning and finally the climactic afternoon during which thirty-three drivers in exotic-looking automobiles flash by them.

Why do the people come? Certainly, the city of Indianapolis is no part of the attraction. This is perhaps the worst metropolis in the entire United States—a city with endless miles of indifferent gray structures, Burger Chefs, and Kentucky Fried Chicken stands and a political climate that welcomed such spasms of paranoia as the Klan during the Twenties and the Birchers in the Sixties. Even if the Indy fans were drawn to such a city, none of them would leave their valued places at the speedway to journey downtown.

Still, it is not simply, or even primarily, the race that attracts the fans. It is the awesome, terrifying, hilarious spectacle surrounding the race, a spectacle that holds within itself a welter of contradictory yearnings tearing at what is left of our national spirit: glory, speed, wealth, fellowship, and death. After witnessing the Indy for a weekend, I came away with an overriding sense of sorrow at what we have done to each other and to ourselves.

The 500 itself is, in part, a celebration of technology, the continuation of an old American tradition, rooted in another age, when people traveled great distances from their isolated communities to hear Chautauqua speakers or witness the new marvels of the machine age: horseless carriages, dirigibles, airplanes, and the wonders of science that promised, at the turn of the twentieth century, to turn the United States into a streamlined technological paradise.

The first 500 Mile Race at Indianapolis was run in 1911. It was dreamed up by Carl Fisher, a local promoter-businessman and speed demon, who had originally built the track on which the races were run in order to test improvements for automobiles. Within a few years the race was attracting thousands of spectators from around the country, and it proved a powerful magnet as well for manufacturers, who saw a chance for free publicity by underwriting the cost of machines built with their parts. During the gasoline-scarce days of World War II, the speedway was abandoned. After the war it was brought back to life by Tony Hulman, its present owner and president, and since then the ties between the race and big business have become thoroughly entwined. Piston-ring makers, tire manufacturers, spark-plug producers, and the like help finance the machines, which cost up to $200,000, counting the maintenance costs. And the businessmen of Indianapolis have for fifteen years or so whipped up a promotional effort of Babbitt-sized proportions. Checkered flags, like those used to wave autos across the finish line, decorate the city. Throughout the month of May a series of events progressively builds up excitement: Festival queens are chosen, there are gin rummy and golf tournaments, a mayor's breakfast, and finally an eve-of-race parade down streets painted with the



"Butch" Sprankle, a youthful fan from Tyrone, Pennsylvania.

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checkered flag pattern. So ingrained is the race that even the soul-saving evangelists working the camping area pass out tracts bearing the checkered-flag emblem and titled, "Souvenir Victory Edition."

Boosterism, however, cannot by itself attract tens of thousands of people to Indianapolis for a week of sleeping in open fields or in the back of campers. The race itself, of course, is a powerful magnet. Each year the cars are lower, sleeker, and more ingeniously designed. This year, for example, their surprisingly fragile fiber-glass bodies are equipped with a small wing in front and a wider wing in the rear; the air pressure against these wings pushes the car down, holding it to the road at speeds that, on the straightaways, approach 200 miles per hour.

The sheer power of thirty-three cars roaring around the speedway is unbelievable. From the turn, you hear a high-pitched, angry whine, like a brigade of enraged, giant hornets. Suddenly, the cars appear, hurtling around the banked track and seeming to fly straight at you. Then in a flash of energy, light, sound, dirt, and with an assault of rubber and gasoline smells, they zoom by. It seems odd, given supersonic airplanes and rockets to the moon, that automobiles can be so awesome in their speed. The reason they are, of course, is that the high-speed auto fits into a fantasy that is grafted onto everyday experience. Watching the race at Indy is like attending a Walter Mitty Memorial Convention. Every fan imagines himself behind the wheel of an Olsonite-Eagle or a Ford-McLaren thundering and skidding around the track.

In any given year, more Americans meet at the speedway than anywhere else in the country.

"Boy," says Jennings, head of a family of a half-dozen that journeys here every year from eastern Pennsylvania. "I'd love to get in my Chevy and drive around that track just once. They got a little bus that'll give you a tour of the track for fifty cents, but, aw, I'd love to drive around it, just once. Or even get in one of those cars. I don't see why they don't have an old car they'd let you sit in and take a picture. You'd think they'd set it up for the fans."

Along with the specter of glory, fame, and speed, of course, is the specter of death. Driving a car at three times the maximum speed permissible on a superhighway is, to say the least, unsafe; running over a piece of metal on the track, making a slight miscalculation in braking or steering in a turn, can send the car smashing into a wall. And while no visitor will admit openly that it is the prospect of witnessing death that draws him to the race, the anticipation of danger is clearly present in many minds.

"Yeah," says Paul, a shipping clerk from Iowa. "I was here in '39 when Floyd Roberts got it, and I remember '64 when Eddie Sachs and MacDonald were burned up. Jeez, that was something. And in '68 I was right there when a guy got killed. Got a great picture of that wreck."

For Mike, a state trooper from Ohio who is half-Indian, witnessing the race in person cannot be equaled by television because "the thing that's wrong with TV, they try not to show the grisly part of it when it happens. Now you take this Jim Malloy, who got wrecked in the trials this year. Well, when it first happened, they didn't show the grisly stuff—you know, when he actually hit the wall, how bad it really was."

"You'd be surprised," says Cleek, a sun-reddened harvest hand in his sixties who drove in by himself from Oregon in a pickup. "Ninety-nine-and-nine-tenths of 'em come to see wrecks. You hear 'em say, 'Wasn't no good race, no wrecks.' Just like people watching a man on a ledge, most of 'em want him to jump. That's what a lot of people come here for, I believe. I dunno, I see it the other way. That just about ruins it for me.

An unidentified couple near a decal stand.

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People gettin' pretty damned hard-hearted now. They don't give a damn about their fellow man."

The strange mixture of honor and bloodshed, sudden wealth and sudden death, courage and the mechanical skill involved in building a championship car and keeping it moving (a task assigned the "pit" crews who service the cars with the frantic speed and competence of a team of open-heart surgeons) can get a hold on a fan that lasts for a lifetime. It happened to Clyde de Botkin, who was stationed near the speedway during World War II, when it lay idle. "I said to myself, 'If they ever have a race here again, I want to see it.' I came back in '47, and that was it," he recalls.

Now in his late forties, Clyde is a round-faced, pleasant man who works as a handy man in Kaycee, Wyoming. For the last twenty-seven years the only vacation Clyde has taken has come between late April and early June. Every year, he has driven—most years by himself—to Indianapolis, taken a room in a boardinghouse, and stayed at the track from April 28 to June 5. He usually hangs out in Gasoline Alley, where the cars are stored and worked on; he has come to know the mechanics and pit crews by sight. The pride of his life is Special Pit Pass Number 777, which a speedway official gave Clyde a decade ago after he had noticed him at the 500 year after year; the pass permits him to watch the mechanics and drivers at work. The Indy is the only event outside of his daily routine that Clyde de Botkin has experienced in his adult life. He has never even seen another part of America.

> "You could just not run the race, and most people here wouldn't give a damn."

"Why should I want to?" Clyde says. "This is the most exciting place in the world." Too exciting, in fact. Clyde has an enlarged heart, and he must lie down several times a day in the air-conditioned press room to safeguard his health. "I know it's dangerous," he says; "but if I couldn't be here on Race Day, I just wouldn't . . ." He shrugs.

Unlike Clyde de Botkin, who is caught up in the drama of the long, grueling challenge, a remarkable number of Indy fans are almost totally uninterested in the race. "I'd guess about one hundred thousand people here never see the cars in action, don't know who won, and couldn't care less," says a race reporter. For the fans who pack the infield, in fact, the race is almost impossible to watch. Even the more affluent spectators in the upper grandstand can see barely a fourth of the track—it's just too big to see in its entirety.

"We'll be watching the backstretch," says Sam, a shipping clerk. "We'll only see a tenth of the race. But when they go by, we'll see this one's first, this one's second, and so on. So if their positions change, we'll know somebody passed."

For a sports junkie like me, this was odd to contemplate; it was as if I could watch a hockey game only from a ten-foot-wide stretch of ice, or a baseball game from an obstructed view that revealed only a six-foot chunk of base path. What kind of sports fan would watch an event where he could not see who scored, how, and what outstanding achievements won or lost the game?

"See, that's the thing," explains Bill, who has been here since Monday to be first on line to drive through the gate to the infield. "You could just not run the race, and most people here wouldn't give a damn. The main thing is that people get together, and there's no fighting or anything. . . . I know these guys—they been coming here for years. They all park in the same spot at the gate, they mess around for three or four days with each other before the race starts, buying each other beer . . . they take care of each other. When we get inside the track, there'll be friends on both sides of us where we park, everybody sharing everything,

Some fans from Ohio, Michigan, etc., on their own grandstand.

The Hellings from Plano, Illinois.

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and they all have a ball. No, we don't see each other the rest of the year. Just here. And we talk about the times we had and party it up."

What Bill says is echoed by many of the hard-core Indy spectators. They come because it is a "good time" and "the world's biggest party." For three or four days they live away from the home, the factory, or office. ("Why do I come here?" asks a Bendix-Westinghouse worker from Elyria, Ohio. "Four days away from the kids, with my buddies.") They move outside their existence. They see friends who are friends for a weekend each year. They drink endless cases of beer, grill their steaks together, and yell at the young girls in hot pants and T-shirts with no bras underneath.

"You know what this is like?" asks a dark-haired, muscular auto worker. "This is just like that Woodstock. Only those hippies had their music and their dope; we got beer and racing."

"Yeah," a buddy interrupts. "Only nobody around here is taking off their clothes and running around bare-ass. Goddamnit." He laughs.

There *is* a sense of Woodstock here, a sense of camaraderie. That sense is kindled by staying up all night together on Friday, waiting for the aerial bombs to explode at 5:00 a.m. Saturday signaling the opening of the track, and then the furious, Oklahoma-land-rush sprint to the best positions in the track ("The real race is at 5:00 a.m.," says a security guard. "The car race, that's just an anticlimax.") But there is also a fierce sense of personal, material pride: in the outfitting of the campers ("We got four bunk beds here, paneling, a can, running water, air conditioning") and the food ("Now, most folks have cold fried chicken. Hell, we got eggs any style, bacon, ham, home fries, and then steak, baked potato and sour cream, salad with blue cheese dressing"). The dull glow of television sets flickers in the late night air, that umbilical link with reality that cannot be turned off and left home.

> "This is just like Woodstock. Those hippies had their music and dope. We got beer and racing."

I could not help thinking that we have at Indianapolis a metaphor for the way we live: Here before me are decent, hard-working people, seeking a sense of community and excitement beyond their individual lives, waiting patiently to be packed together with their small luxuries and large discontents, being told what is happening by electronic tote boards and a loudspeaker system, seeking what fun they can find from a spectacle whose drama they cannot very clearly see. Much of the pomp and majesty of the race—the start, the solemn intonation, "Gentlemen, start your engines," the pit stops, the salute to the victor—all of these important events go unwitnessed by those who have come the farthest and endured the most to be "where the action is."

An hour before the race ends, hundreds of spectators' cars are already streaming out of the speedway, under a cloud of gasoline fumes, dust, and heat, heading for home. They will not see the climax of the race, the victorious driver receiving his kiss on the cheek from the queen, the victor's slow, triumphal circuit of the track, nor the winning driver acknowledging the cheers from the grandstand. They have gotten what they came for in the revelry and release and camaraderie; and most of them will be back again next year.

"I been goin' to my sister's place for Memorial Day since 1938," says Cookie, a factory hand in his fifties who made his first visit to the Indianapolis 500 this year. "This is the first time I missed going to my sister's. And I think she's never going to see me no more."

"One thing about this," observed Cookie, speaking as one of the latest initiates to Middle America's perennial Woodstock. "I guess you either love it or you hate it. And I love it." □

Darlene Dollar and Charlotte Early from Greenfield, Indiana.

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A SINOLOGIST IN CHINA:

Digging beneath the "Panda Image"

BY JONATHAN MIRSKY

President Nixon's recent venture into Far Eastern summitry marked the official reopening of China to the American imagination. And while the reports by the press corps that accompanied the President were notably warm and friendly in tone—there were oohs and aahs over "how clean," "how Spartan," "how unisex" the Chinese appeared to be—they were, for the most part, unrevealing. The reopening of China thus led a great many Americans to discard their shallow, Cold-War conception of the Chinese only to adopt another equally false and misleading view. The Yellow Peril gave way in American consciousness to the Lovable Panda.

The shallow reporting is perhaps understandable. Divorced from events in China for two-and-a-half decades, Americans no longer have an eye for what is significantly new there. And though we are somewhat aware of China's foreign policy, we are generally ignorant of the works of Marx, Lenin, and Mao—ignorant, that is, of the ideology with which the Chinese are attempting to build their socialist nation and of the standards by which to judge their progress. As the Chinese say, the Americans journeyed to their land like "travelers looking at flowers, while riding on horseback," managing all the while to overlook the most significant question about China today—namely, what has happened to that radical, socialist society since its *second* ongoing revolution, the Cultural Revolution, which began in 1965.

Traveling in China with a group of Asian specialists on the heels of President Nixon's visit, I had the chance to observe some of the recent changes. I was impressed, for example, by the remarkable distribution of medical services, by a new emphasis in higher education that places citizenship above conventional academic performance (one aging professor told me, "At seventy-two I am beginning to remold myself"), and by a new stress on the humanizing value of physical labor, which is required even of persons in the highest managerial positions. Before detailing my observations, let me say a few words about the Cultural Revolution.

To most Americans, the Cultural Revolution of the late Sixties seemed to be a period of internal chaos and near breakdown from which the Chinese were fortunate to emerge as one nation. However, the Chinese themselves say, "... since the Cultural Revolution," not with relief, but with the same pride with which they say, "... since the Liberation of 1949."

Until the Cultural Revolution, socialist China remained encumbered with contradictions from its past and with an elitism that persisted in work, education, and even such basic social services as medical care. The Cultural Revolution was a violent re-examination of these failures, and few Chinese will deny that China was convulsed by the struggle. In bitter disputes over the "true meaning" of Maoist thought, students fought and killed each other. Many Chinese who had gained responsibility and power were removed from their posts and sent off to do "constructive labor." But despite the agonies arising from the Cultural Revolution, the Chinese feel pride in its far-reaching accomplishments. During my visit to China, I was to see why. To be sure, many "social imperfections" persist, such as the continued preferred status of persons in managerial posts and the continued inequality of women. But serious, fundamental changes that benefit the masses seem to be taking place in work, in education, and in health care.

Certainly, one of the most impressive results of the Cultural Revolution has been the extension of medical care to even the most remote villages of China. Before 1966 rural Chinese often had to travel great distances to hospitals for treatment, and in the end, Mao has conceded, they received little better care than did their destitute counterparts on the Indian subcontinent. Nowadays, however, even small, outlying villages in Chinese agricultural communes have at least a simple medical staff to encourage disease prevention and to treat minor ailments. In the central town in each commune one usually finds a hospital of perhaps forty beds, equipped for operations, X-rays, obstetrics, and ear-nose-and-throat work, as well as for acupuncture therapy and for the dispensing of traditional Chinese herbal medicine. Medical care is available at minimal cost. By paying the equivalent of $1.50 to his commune, a peasant receives insurance covering most of his medical and hospital bills.

This rapidly built system of popular health care has been made possible by a network of "barefoot doctors"—well-trained medics sent to live in the countryside. In Sha Shr Yü, an isolated commune in a rock-littered valley in northeast China, the barefoot doctor was an unusually beautiful young woman of twenty-four, the daughter of a "bourgeois" family from the industrial city of Tang-shan. After finishing medical training, she was sent into the countryside by the Revolutionary Committee of Tang-shan, and now, after four years of living in the commune, she is an almost indistinguishable part of the human landscape. She works half of her days in the commune's corn, sorghum, and sweet-potato fields, or in the pear and apple orchards. At first, she admits, she was frightened of leaving her native city and of having to labor in the fields. But soon she overcame her fears and discovered that working with the villagers established their trust in her. It made the villagers willing to accept the birth-control devices she dispensed, the advice she gave about abortions, and the suggestions she made for improving primitive sanitation facilities.

Since the Cultural Revolution, doctors in China are no longer addressed by professional titles; they are referred to simply as "health workers." And medicine is no longer the privileged knowledge of a few. In Sha Shr Yü, the local barefoot doctor's co-worker was a sturdy, brown-skined woman of local peasant origin, trained as a midwife. Doctors now have the responsibility of training the less educated to become more skilled health workers able to perform increasingly complicated medical tasks.

In one commune hospital, we met an ex-pharmacist assisting in internal medicine. In another we met a slight, ivory-skinned man of fifty who had been a janitor for most of his life. Now, having needled himself several thousand times for practice, he is qualified to perform acupuncture.

Jonathan Mirsky, director of the East Asia Center at Dartmouth College, recently toured China with the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars. Lynne Williams, a member of the Society staff of *SR*, shared in the writing of this article.

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Opening the practice of medicine to those who are uneducated but willing to learn new skills suggests the direction in which Chinese socialism is moving. But it is in the thoroughgoing transformation of higher education that the breadth and implications of the radical Chinese experiment are most readily felt. Traditionally, the Chinese have said university students live "a three-door life"—passing from cultured homes to Middle School, to university—and then, inevitably, to elite jobs. The 1949 Liberation did little to change the students' traditional, automatic progression into the professional elite. Nor did the Liberation change the facts about who had access to the portals. Through the mid-Sixties higher education in China remained limited to the offspring of intellectuals and of the managerial cadre.

The Cultural Revolution brought a decisive break with the past. Since then the number of students at the Upper Middle Schools (the senior high schools) has jumped 60 percent. And for the first time the classrooms are filled primarily with the children of peasants, workers, and soldiers. The universities, closed down by the Cultural Revolution and only beginning to reopen, now seem to belong to the Chinese working people. At Peking University I met not one student whose parents had more than a primary school education, and all the students had worked three, five, or even eight years on the land, in the army, or in a factory before coming to the university. Many had been brought great distances by the government to Peking. For my one-night stay in the university dormitory, two of my roommates were from peasant families in remote Manchurian villages, and the other was from Hainan Island in the Gulf of Tonkin.

As important as the abrupt change in who is being educated in China is a fundamental change in the orientation of that education. The academic record is no longer what counts for advancement into Chinese higher education. Stress now is on what we would call the prospective student's "citizenship" record—on his demonstrated unselfishness, cooperativeness, good attitude toward physical labor, and enthusiasm for political work. The educational process itself reinforces these cooperative values in place of the competitive ones fostered in the past by the need for academic achievement.

Examinations, devised mutually by students and teachers, are generally take-home, and students are expected to consult with each other on answers. In two of the Middle Schools I visited, even the teachers took the tests. Never once in the four schools I visited did I hear a teacher tell a student, "That's wrong!" The usual response to a mistake was "Who can help this comrade?" Repeated errors were met with, "Why don't you think about the question, and we'll try again tomorrow?"

At one May 7 School in the dusty farmlands south of Peking, cadres spend half their time in intense political study. They also learn to understand the harshness of peasant life by raising wheat and tending pigs.

The Chinese are anxious to guard against students' becoming a new elite, against their losing their links to the lives and needs of the larger masses of working Chinese people. Work, as a result, is constantly interwoven with schooling. At the lowest level, in a kindergarten, I saw tiny children fitting electric bulbs into paper holders for a local flashlight factory. It is a rare urban school that fails to establish ties with a nearby factory or two, and *all* students through graduate school perform at least two hours of physical labor every day, taking their long vacations to go off to the country and work with the peasants.

There is little question in the minds of university students that, having finished their studies in such traditional disciplines as history, philosophy, mathematics, or physics, they will return to the communes and factories they came from. But what can a student of German or philosophy contribute to a rolling mill or to a millet-growing commune? To the Chinese themselves, this is a question that consumes hours of both formal and spare-time discussions. Clearly, no one yet knows how such reintegration of the educated will work, but we heard of at least one apparently successful experience of academics who had worked with peasants.

One afternoon in Peking, our group visited the National Minorities Institute, a research and graduate school devoted to preserving the language, dance, songs, dress, and semiautonomy of minorities in China. There we met with two anthropologists who are among the most highly regarded scholars in China: Fei Hsiao-t'ung, whose early works about Chinese village life are known to every anthropologist in the West, and Wu Wen-tsao, a Dartmouth graduate and Columbia Ph.D., who was for years chairman of the department of sociology at the prestigious, English-language Yenching University in Peking.

During the Cultural Revolution the two professors were sent to May 7 schools, special communities set up in 1968 on the edge of rural communes. In them managerial cadres and intellectuals learn about the life and needs of commune peasants firsthand. Many outsiders regard Fei and Wu's experience and its subsequent effect on their work as a sorry sample of Communist "brainwashing." But Fei and Wu, physically and mentally lively for their more than seventy years, see their experience quite differently. It was Wu, ascetic and reserved, who said, "At seventy-two I am beginning to remold myself." The ebullient and energetic Fei, who spent two-and-a-half years helping to plant cotton in central China, was more expansive: "To understand how anthropology could 'serve the people,' we anthropologists had to undergo a personal revolution. I learned to labor hard by planting cotton. At first, it was difficult, but the peasants were patient. Now I know a bit about physical work—and I can hardly *look* at my past writing on peasants. My questions then—about kinship structures, marriage customs, and food habits—were never the ones peasants needed to have answered.

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After all, *they* know their own habits! What they need to know is how to make their lives better. In China, from now on, all of us will discover the questions the people consider important in this way—through working with them, not as subjects to be studied, but as laboring comrades."

Fei's words express what is at once the central intent and achievement of the Cultural Revolution: the use of work as an educational and transformational force. If anthropologists regularly work with peasants and trained doctors work with unskilled apprentices, if highly placed factory managers work with assembly-line workers, then the high status of the professional elite will be diminished; and at the same time, the workers will be elevated by learning skills from their more educated co-workers. Social distances, the Chinese claim, will eventually disappear altogether. Whether or not this will happen in the long run remains to be seen. But already, far from toiling like millions of ants, many laboring Chinese exhibit the kind of spontaneity, initiative, and self-confidence that Americans associate more readily with deeply involved research scientists.

On a visit to a Shanghai shipyard, we saw a sample of what "work as a transforming force" can accomplish. Until 1966 the shipyard's main work was that of repairing medium-sized vessels on a slip-way built to hold 3,000-ton ships. In 1966 a group of workers suggested expanding the yard in order to *build* ships of up to 10,000 tons. They insisted that China, in order to be independent of foreigners, should increase its fleet of ocean-going vessels taking part in international trade. The more cautious workers expressed a fear of failure, but, eventually, the workers strengthened and lengthened the slip-way. By the time of our visit, they had completed construction of three 10,000-ton ships.

Acceptance of the manual workers' self-assertion by their more conservative co-workers was not simple, as I learned from a veteran latheworker, while I watched steel shavings curl over his hand and onto a blueprint.

"Who drew the blueprint?" I asked.

Pointing to the other men in overalls grouped around several drafting tables, he answered, "We did."

Before 1967, it turned out, the blueprints had been drawn by draftsmen on a floor above the factory. "When the plans didn't work, the draftsmen blamed us. Since they knew nothing about our work, they didn't know what was possible," the latheworker explained. "We *dragged* them down here. At first our relations with them were terrible. Some of them wanted to leave. But slowly we learned from each other. Now I can help draw a blueprint; the draftsmen have had some experience with this machine. We make fewer mistakes, and the work goes faster. The bad feelings are gone."

Seeing such accomplishments could easily lead to uncritical enthusiasm after a few days in China. But China is sufficiently flawed for an honest tourist to recognize that, in some serious ways, the Chinese have fallen short of their own goals. Take, for example, the "cadres"—the "responsible persons" in all walks of life, such as managers, foremen, representatives, political secretaries, and deputies. During the Cultural Revolution many members of cadres were removed from "office" for having given preferential treatment to their own families, for misusing funds, or for displaying egotism, and the like. By now, most have resumed their former positions, but only after association with peasant life in May 7 Schools, or after a period of "corrective labor." (Just what "corrective labor" was is still unknown outside China.) One of the most impressive cadres we met in China had lost his position for three years when he was discovered misusing commune funds. Now every cadre member in China, no matter how important his responsibilities, is required to perform at least sixty days of physical labor every year at his production unit's most basic level. Such persons, in theory, are not to be distinguished by their outward appearance.

In the cities, however, cadre members can still be easily singled out by their better clothes, wrist watches, glasses, and fountain pens, as well as by their monopoly on conversation. Ask a question in a factory, for example. If a man in matching trousers, jacket, and cap, with a pen or two in his jacket pocket, answers, he is undoubtedly a cadre. Even Chou En-lai told us that it still will take much work to bring cadres back to the material and behavioral level of other Chinese.

Moreover, despite the high promises of the 1949 Liberation, the equal status of women has yet to be achieved. That such equality is an aim of Maoism has been clear since Mao wrote an article entitled "Miss Chao's Suicide" in 1919. Forced into an arranged marriage, Miss Chao kills herself—this being Mao's indictment of the traditional familial and societal subservience of Chinese women. Today, it is true, most women in China can choose their own marriage partners. Sale of daughters, strangling of girl babies, prostitution, and subjugation to the husband's parents no longer exist. Newspapers and magazines exhort their readers to respect women, to treat them as equals, and the Chinese women themselves have responded by becoming more direct and confident.

Still, although equal pay for equal work is given lip service, often that standard does not prevail. Chinese women perform physically demanding tasks—operating heavy machinery, welding, and tilling—but the wages of women we met nearly always fell below those of their male counterparts. When the work was physical, the explanation usually was that "men are stronger." At the Sha Shr Yü commune, we watched a row of men and women moving quickly up and down a rocky field, prying up the stones with heavy mattocks. Even there, however, women earn less than men since "the men dig deeper." One hears other explanations for the lower pay: that women spend less time on the job, or that they have not been at the job as long, or—most telling—that they have to go home early to make supper and care for children. The men stay "to build socialism." Apparently, not even in China is housework yet considered a contribution to social progress.

Perhaps the most unexpected statement about lingering male chauvinism in China occurs in the famous ballet *Red Detachment of Women*, which was televised here during President Nixon's trip. The ballet, based on an actual uprising against the Kuomintang in the Thirties, hammers home the indomitable spirit of peasants, minorities, soldiers, and, as its title would indicate, women. A favorite theatrical event, no expense has been spared to make it a spectacular production. The only snag is that, while the heroic rebellion was, in fact, led by a woman, on stage the leader is portrayed by a man.

Though the unresolved status problems of cadres and women are significant lags in Chinese progress, perhaps, as Americans, we may judge these shortcomings too impatiently. China is, after all, a land where time was measured in dynasties, and Mao himself has said it may be as many as three centuries before the Chinese achieve a selfless, cooperative, egalitarian society.

But as Americans we are also accustomed to the rapid change that can take place from one generation to the next. Having witnessed firsthand the effects of the Cultural Revolution on adult Chinese, one cannot help wondering how speedily Chinese socialism may move forward within the next generation, a generation raised during the Cultural Revolution. Already, cooperative values are being taught to the youngest children. At a small nursery school we visited, a very young child was struggling to lift a large toy block. After we watched him for a moment, someone in the group remarked that the block looked far too heavy for someone so small to lift all alone.

The teacher smiled and nodded. "Exactly!" she replied. □

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SR REVIEWS Books

Indian Summer

BY WILLIAM BRANDON

THE FIFTH WORLD OF FORSTER BENNETT: Portrait of a Navaho
by Vincent Crapanzano
Viking, 245 pp., $7.95

THE LAST CAPTIVE
by A. C. Greene
Encino Press, 161 pp., $8.95

CONVERSATIONS WITH FRANK WATERS
edited by John R. Milton
Swallow, 90 pp., $4

SEVEN ARROWS
by Hyemeyohsts Storm
Harper & Row, 371 pp., $9.95

When a dozen years ago I was writing the text for *The American Heritage Book of Indians*, the publisher by no means concealed his mortal fear that the book might not sell 50,000 copies or whatever figure was considered necessary to pay off its heavy investment. The book went on to sell several hundred thousand and is still selling in the expensive hardcover edition, while going through a number of printings in a paperback edition as well. Theodora Krober's *Ishi in Two Worlds*, published the same year (1961), became the all-time best seller for its publisher, the University of California Press.

Publishers, who are not always as thick in the rind as some people think, began more or less instantly scheduling the ranks of Indian books that have been marching into print ever since. The enormous success of last year's *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* isn't likely to reduce those ranks any.

All this action has so far produced a great many fine books: valuable works of general interest from first-rate anthropologists and historians; superb art books—American Indian art lends itself very handily to beautiful bookmaking and is the subject of at least five or six of the "best designed" books now being shown by the Association of American University Presses; a raft of fiction including the first Indian Prix Pulitzer, and several rafts of books dealing with contemporary matters.

One of the most interesting of this last category is Canadian and has been rather overlooked, *The Unjust Society* (1969) by Harold Cardinal, an eloquent young (some twenty-six years old by now) Cree from the Sucker Creek Reserve near Lesser Slave Lake, Alberta. The best overall work at present on current events, particularly the activist beat, is a newspaper, *Akwesasne Notes* (Mohawk Nation via Rooseveltown, N.Y. 13683; price flexible).

There has been some *schlock*, of course, in this big parade of words on the native American scene but not as much as might be expected, really, considering the wide-open editorial ignorance of the field with the consequent wide-open invitation to charlatanism. More grave, I think, are several trends evident in the vast area between the *schlock* and the *haute couture*, depressing trends of the sort that seem to be peculiar to the nature of the Indian business, which has always brought out our merchandisers' worst side. The most serious such weakness is that most Indian books are less concerned with the Indian world than with the white world—the theme is the Indian between the two worlds, on the edge of the white world, in conflict with the white world, suffering from the white world, and the main attention is on the white world, which admittedly is the bigger market. Frequently, to be sure, attention is on what is wrong with the white world, but even so the Indian world deserves better than to be a mere stick for whacking Whitey. The Indian world is not a passive element, something merely acted *upon* either in our history or in our present moment, in spite of the fact that it is usually so treated. It is emphatically a positive subject in itself, an important subject, a magnificent subject. Reckoned with as an entity of its own, it may offer more to both our literature and our life than has been generally suspected.

One particularly discouraging trend, a curious example of latter-day Indian swindling, is the tendency for some editors or compilers to assume credit as authors when dealing with Indian material. An as-told-to life story becomes a book "by" the editor; anthologies of the public utterances of well-known native Americans from Chief Joseph to Clyde Warrior are published as "by" the compiler. Might we not find it bemusing to see, let us say, *The Public Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt* "by" Cuddles Sellbelly, Jr.? The great Iroquois orator Canassatego said in a speech in 1744 that the Indians were liable to many "Inconveniences . . . particularly from that Pen-and-Ink Work that is going on at the Table. . . ." So this is perhaps only a new wrinkle to one of several old scribbler's tricks.

The most conspicuous present trend is toward tourist-view journalism, books produced by tape recorder and camera, or equivalent reportage. No tiresome background, no boring explanations—what could be more direct and honest, as well as entertaining?

One such book is *The Fifth World of Forster Bennett: Portrait of a Navaho*, a journal kept by a young student from upper-middle class suburbia who spent the summer of 1966 living with a Navaho family in Arizona. But unfortunately the author quotes his "subject" throughout in a sort of dim-witted pidgin English, although in his own language "Forster Bennett" may presumably have been reasonably articulate. Would a sociologist doing a

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William Brandon edited *The Magic World: American Indian Songs and Poems.*

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study in France depend on his subject's broken English? The upshot is that this particular Portrait of a Navaho can't help reinforcing the Tonto stereotype of the Dumb Indian, since we may not always keep in mind that for "Forster Bennett" English is a little-used foreign tongue. It is one of the bitterer frustrations imposed by our master race that we judge his intelligence by how well he uses this foreign language with those of us too dumb to know any Navaho at all.

The book does have value in giving a picture of the writer, who, it seems, had never before known an Indian or been in the West or possibly met poor people anywhere. Thus, much that struck him as significantly reservation-Indian—the boredom, the cheapness—might have been equally evident in any back-road Southwestern community, Anglo, Spanish, or what have you, had the author dismounted to look.

One of the tourist-view literatures of a past and plainer day was the Indian captivity story. Hundreds were published down through the centuries, usually horrendous tales of cruelties suffered at the hands of savage captors. The stories that Indian captives told each other have not been published, but there may have been quite a few: Thousands of Indian captives were sold as slaves to the West Indies during colonial times by both French and English, while thousands more toiled and died in Spanish mines; it was officially estimated that 2,000 Navaho and Apache slaves were still held by the white people of Arizona and New Mexico in 1866—some little while after the Great Emancipator had done his stuff elsewhere in the land.

A Texas captivity tale originally published in 1899, again in a revised verson in 1927, and now reissued in a new version is *The Last Captive*, the story of young Herman Lehmann's life as a naturalized captive with Apaches and Comanches during the 1870s. Herman was captured at the age of eleven and brought back home—much against his will—when he was twenty, to live the rest of his life in a mime of his Indian memory. The various editors of Herman's story enjoy a stunning innocence in matters ethnological; consequently not much of actual Indian interest seeps through the blood and thunder, but the book is a wonderful evocation of the Indian image in small-town Texas at the turn of the century.

Texas by the 1890s was swept scrupulously clean of Indians, as a result of generations of extremist anti-Indian policies, and so the Indian memory came to rest in the spare, deaconish figure of Herman, who on holidays would put on his ragtag and bobtail Indian suit, buffalo hat and all, and entertain his friends and neighbors with tall talk and fancy bowmanship. And the interesting point is that the horrendous enemy, in Herman's stories, was not the Indian but the paleface, and his paleface public ate it up. Herman's audience was clearly delighted as he ripped off the scalps of the "detested whites" (at the average of a scalp a page), and the 1899 version also included a long "anti-imperialistic" parody of Kipling that would be right at home in today's protest press: "Pile on the Indian's burden/To gratify your greed/. . . And if with heathen folly/He dares your will dispute,/Then in the name of freedom /Don't hesitate to shoot. . . ."

The myth of the wild Old West has shaped the U.S.A.'s contribution to literature, and for most Americans it is only within this wild-West myth that Indians live, even though in reality the Indian world of the colonial East was of greater import in our history. But the Western story thrives on unreality.

If in fact there really is any such critter as a "Western" writer, it might be Frank Waters, who makes a brief appearance in a new nonbook (transcribed from a series of TV interviews), *Conversations with Frank Waters*. This little volume is mentioned here simply because it might introduce some new readers to brother Waters, who is not only a good writer but, what is rarer, a good storyteller, and who possesses perhaps the finest sense extant of the West's special tatterdemalionry. One of the good things about the attention presently being lavished on Indian books is that his novel, *The Man Who Killed the Deer*, first published thirty years ago, is now becoming better known year by year. It is about Taos Pueblo people and is one of an exceedingly slender crop of good serious novels that happen to be about Indians.

Frank Waters writes out of a great deal of wisdom of the heart when he writes about Southwestern Indians. He remarks in this TV book, speaking of the annual cycle of Hopi religious ceremonies, "The creation of the world did not happen just once, but it happens every year, and it is continually repeated. So these are simple things. . . ."

Simple things and great ideas, the tonic chord of the Indian world. One of the basic ideas, the idea of cosmic duality, serves as takeoff point for what is likely to be one of the bigger selling Indian books of the coming year, *Seven Arrows*, by Hyemeyohsts Storm, a member of the Northern Cheyenne tribe from Lame Deer, Montana. The book is a novel interlarded with "Teaching Stories" as the author calls them, some of which he heard as a child and some of which he has made up himself. The novel is set in the heart of the wild Old West, and the teaching stories stem from the author's reflections on the basic idea, the mirror-duality in every personality. There are some good things said around this notion, although there is no serious discussion here of Cheyenne thought in the same league with Peter J. Powell's two-volume work of a couple of years ago, *Sweet Medicine: The Continuing Role of the Sacred Arrows, the Sun Dance, and the Sacred Buffalo Hat in Northern Cheyenne History*.

For the rest, *Seven Arrows* is an attractive book, very much so, but not a good book. It is rather mishmashed by its confusing arrangement, the novel is wobbly, and the teaching stories and their interpretations much too lengthy and sermonic. But it is indeed a handsomely produced volume, profusely illustrated with *fin-de-siècle* photographs of Indians and the wide West, some very fine. One of the most effective (pages two and three) is printed upside down, which in an odd subliminal sort of way makes it even more effective, leastways to my impressionable old eyes.

This book is the first in a nonprofit American Indian Program being undertaken by the publisher Harper & Row, with the eventual objective of publishing bilingual textbooks in various Indian languages, a highly praiseworthy idea. One wishes the entire project well, and in spite of the difficulties in this first publication it is to be hoped continuing works in the series will further explore the infinite varieties of American Indian religious thought. The Indian world has always been a world of the spirit, a world devoted to religion to an extent undreamed of in Old World philosophies, a religion of living the right way, in right relation with all forces and all things. The most important American Indian literature of the past—from the writings of the Nahua priests who composed Sahagun's "History" centuries ago to such as Francis La Flesche and James R. Murie in more recent times—has dealt with this world of the spirit. If the present interest in books about American Indians does eventually succeed in taking the Indian world seriously and fixes its focus on this area, the fad may conceivably turn into a modern American Renaissance, triggered by our New World's belated discovery (400 years belated) of its own great Greece and Rome. □

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GARVEY:
The Story of a Pioneer
Black Nationalist
by Elton C. Fax
Dodd, Mead, 305 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Eric Foner

In the spring of 1916 an obscure Jamaican named Marcus Garvey arrived in Harlem. Within four years Garvey commanded the greatest mass movement in black American history. He was president of the Universal Negro Improvement Association (UNIA), which boasted a membership in the hundreds of thousands; publisher of the *Negro World*, the most widely read black journal in the country; and head of a shipping company, the Black Star Line. His first International Convention, held in 1920, brought 50,000 black delegates to Harlem, where they paraded in colorful costumes under such banners as the Black Cross Nurses, Universal African Motor Corps, and Black Eagle Flying Corps. And they filled Madison Square Garden to hear Garvey proclaim himself the head of a provisional government of independent Africa.

Two years later the shipping line was in financial ruin, Garvey had been convicted of using the mails to defraud, and he was jailed and then deported. When he died in London in 1940, he was once again obscure.

Garveyism was in every way a remarkable political movement. Its leader was eloquent, flamboyant, egotistical, and demagogic. Black nationhood and racial purity, pride and self-help were his guiding ideals. Garvey demanded that Africa, the symbol of the past and future greatness of the black race, be redeemed from European control and be made a source of political power and influence for blacks throughout the world. His newspaper refused advertisements from hair-straightening and skin-bleaching products, and he even met with the Ku Klux Klan, declaring that he agreed with its goal of keeping the races separate and pure. He insisted that blacks study their own history and that they refer to themselves as "black" or "Negro" with a capital "N" (a spelling conceded by *The New York Times* only at the close of the 1920s).

Until recently, readers interested in Garvey had only one full-scale scholarly work to turn to—E. David Cronon's *Black Moses*, published almost twenty years ago. Given the recent recrudescence of black nationalism, it is hardly surprising that there has been a resurgence of interest in Garvey. Last year Theodore Vincent's *Garvey and the Black Power Movement* appeared, and the title aptly summarizes its aim of relating Garvey to the current scene. Now we have the latest scholarly study, by Elton C. Fax.

Marcus Garvey—"eloquent, flamboyant, egotistical, and demagogic."

The appearance of Fax's work raises high hopes, for a new interpretation of Garvey is surely needed. Neither the Cronon nor Vincent studies, despite many virtues, fully succeeded in coming to grips with some of the ironies of Garvey and Garveyism, or in answering some of the more intriguing questions about the movement. Garvey was a West Indian whose greatest success was in America, a pan-Africanist who never visited Africa, a man who rejected American society in fundamental ways, but who urged blacks to work hard, save money, and become black Fords, Carnegies, and Rockefellers. In spite of the opposition of most well-known black leaders, including W. E. B. DuBois and A. Philip Randolph, Garvey's movement was able to reach and mobilize the masses of the black urban ghetto as established groups like the NAACP never could.

Unfortunately, Fax's book does not deal with most of the important questions about Garvey. It does provide the most detailed narrative so far available of Garvey's life, including a good deal of new information about his early years in Jamaica, the internal workings of the UNIA, and his experiences after his exile from the United States. Even this contribution, however, is marred by a poor writing style.

More important, and most surprising, the book lacks any real overall analysis or interpretation of Garveyism. Garvey's personal strengths and weaknesses are fairly assessed, but the reasons for his successes and failures are only sketched in. His black opponents are dismissed as "motivated by fear and envy," hardly a full explanation of their attacks on Garvey, and the book often seems to fall back on the simple formula that white racism explains the emergence of Garveyism. While clearly true on one level, this is the beginning of an analysis, not the end. It cannot explain why Garveyism rose and fell so swiftly, or why it was so strong in the urban ghettos of the North, but apparently far weaker in the rural South.

At a number of points in the book, Fax, while complimenting the earlier biographer, E. David Cronon, for his scholarly achievements, observes that Cronon, being white, was "handicapped" in fully understanding Garvey. Perhaps so, but Fax's book only proves that being black, by itself, is no guarantee of greater success. We still need an up-to-date study of Garveyism, one that recognizes the faults and absurdities of the movement and also explains its lasting legacy—black pride, concern for the economic plight of blacks, and awareness of the international implications of America's black movement. Blacks today consider Garvey one of their greatest heroes. And whites might well ponder the lesson of his movement—that the lower-class blacks of our urban ghettos are so alienated from white society that they are more likely to be mobilized by appeals to racial pride, power, and identity, than by a program of integration.

Eric Foner is an associate professor of history at Columbia, where he teaches black history and American history.

TO DIE FOR THE PEOPLE:
The Writings of Huey P. Newton
Random House, 272 pp., $6.95

FROM THE DEAD LEVEL:
Malcolm X and Me
by Hakim A. Jamal
Random House, 272 pp. $6.95

Reviewed by Cellestine C. Ware

Huey P. Newton's *To Die for the People* and Hakim A. Jamal's *From the Dead Level: Malcolm X and Me* are the bankrupt legacy of two of the dread men of the Sixties. In *From the Dead Level*, Malcolm X emerges as a fascinating person almost despite Hakim

Cellestine C. Ware, a freelance writer, is working on two books, one an interpretation of black art, the other a novel.

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Jamal's worshipful recording of their friendship. Huey Newton, who has become the political writer of the Panthers now that Eldridge Cleaver is gone, has produced a badly written Marxist interpretation of Afro-American life that few readers will want to finish.

The question in politics, just as in religion, is what a group can do for its converts. Both the Black Panther party and the Black Muslims have seemed to turn the self-loathing of Afro-Americans into contempt for the elements in society that have denied respect to blacks. The Black Muslims and Malcolm X proselytized in the lower depths of the black community. They attracted the potential prisoners, the drug addicts, and all the brothers-on-the-block whom the Baptist church, the A.M.E. church, the Urban League, and other stabilizing forces of the black community had neglected. The Black Panther party deems itself one of Malcolm's heirs and has attracted essentially the same group as the Muslims have.

Huey Newton is disappointing as a speaker—many of these political writings were delivered as speeches—and, as a theoretician, he is worse. In *Seize the Time,* Bobby Seale admitted that "Huey couldn't write," but Newton has seen fit to publish a book anyway, perhaps to project his new intellectual persona. The book contains several photographs of Newton's visit to Peking in the fall of 1971, showing him looking alarmingly like a college professor in a movie, with his metal-rimmed glasses and tweed jacket. The contrast between the famous poster of 1967 (detail above) and these photographs is startling, an outward sign of the change in Newton's thinking between then and now.

Hakim A. Jamal—"worshipful" friend of Malcolm X.

Huey P. Newton—"disappointing as a speaker . . . and as a theoretician, he is worse."

Newton once saw Cleaver as the Malcolm X of the Black Panther party, and perhaps the most interesting parts of his book are those in which he blames Cleaver and others for leading the Panthers away from the black community. Certainly, the most lucid writing is the section on the Panthers' Ten-Point Program, a straightforward document expressing the basic goals of the party. Elsewhere the opacity and sheer number of Newton's words obscure his meaning. Newton never uses one word when he can use two. And he seems to be half in love with the cant of political texts:

> By increasing the positive qualities of the black capitalist we may be able to bring about a nonantagonistic solution of his contradiction with the community, while at the same time heightening the oppressed community's contradiction with the large corporate capitalist empire. This will intensify the antagonistic contradiction between the oppressed community and the empire; and by heightening that contradiction there will subsequently be a violent transformation of the corporate empire. We will do this through our survival programs which have the interest of the community at heart.

Unfortunately, political men don't succeed any more than black writing men in presenting the actual lives of Afro-Americans. Generally, both books report only what the black power movement has to offer the black male. Women stand outside the events that determine these books, or, as in Newton's description of a scene from the film *Sweet Sweetback,* they contribute to the revolution by "knowing their place":

> As you look at the women you see that they are strong and beautiful black women, definitely African in ancestry and symbolic of Mother Africa. The size of some of their breasts signifies how Africa is potentially the breadbasket of the world. . . . These women with their large breasts potentially could feed and nourish the world, and if this is so, certainly they have the potential to raise their liberator, for that is what the small boy is, the future of the women, of black people, liberation.

So much for the equality of women and men in the society envisioned by Huey P. Newton.

In *From the Dead Level,* Jamal makes palpable the hopelessness that was relieved by his association with Malcolm X. But Jamal, too, celebrates only the black hustler—militant *man.* His energetic descriptions of black male society provide a rapid and thrilling, if somewhat shallow, experience.

For a season in the Sixties, Stagolee, the fictional black supermale, flourished. But it is the nature of the Seventies that two books, meant to provide insights into the Black Power Movement, now stand as testaments to black male society.

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IN A DARKNESS
by James A. Wechsler, with Nancy F. Wechsler and Holly W. Karpf
Norton, 160 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Joseph Brenner

When he was seventeen, Michael Wechsler sensed things were going wrong with his mind, and his father, the well-known journalist on the *New York Post*, immediately gave him permission for psychiatric help. During the next nine years, until the age of twenty-six when Michael took his own life with the same bitter grace that he showed during his illness, he was to receive the best psychiatric services that his family knew how to get, the best that money can buy, and what sometimes goes for the best that this country has to offer. The cause of his illness was never determined, for it simply is not known, but all varieties of treatment were given, over and over, by eight different psychotherapists and in five different hospitals. After Michael's suicide, his father, his mother, and his sister together wrote this story of his short life and his subtle disease, in order to "cry out against the ignorance and ineptitude still afflicting our exploration of the inscrutable malignancies of the mind."

Schizophrenia is the most baffling of illnesses, its cause unknown, its unfolding erratic and unpredictable, and its outcome uncertain. This disease of the mind, usually the young mind, defies the usual kinds of description that may lead to acceptance and understanding of bodily disease. Mental illness is seen differently from physical illness by the sufferer, by the family, by the doctors, the therapists, and the social workers, and, if the patient ends up in a hospital, by the custodians and the law. In greater or lesser degree, a heavy burden of guilt, shame, and responsibility is experienced by the family itself. This burden is made heavier by those from whom help is sought when they probe ever wider and deeper into the lives and habits of the family for clues, answers, and diagnosis—all for guidance or treatment, or so the family is led to expect.

The patient, much of the time, may not know he is ill, and then we say he has no distance on his symptoms. Or he may know that something strange is happening to his mind, for he feels himself oppressed and pained by repetitive, intrusive, dominating, and senseless thought. Or perhaps he is plagued by obsessional acts. In desperation he may consciously try to shake these from his mind, but often to no avail.

All psychotherapy—all talking therapy—is empirical. There are certain skilled psychotherapists who are able to enter into extraordinarily complex and difficult relationships with patients suffering from schizophrenia, and, as a consequence of those psychotherapeutic relationships, some patients recover. Psychotherapy is a long and arduous task both for therapist and patient, with no promise of cure. The quality and usefulness of a psychotherapeutic relationship is based as much on the personality of the psychotherapist as on the theory or theories on which he bases his practice, and there is always something of a mystery in the process. There is also, alas, a great deal of mystification.

In this last statement lie the crucial issues that caused Michael's family much of the confusion and pain of those years, when differing and conflicting professional and hospital rituals kept them "in the darkness." Heaven knows, there is mystery enough both in that great body of psychoanalytic and other psychiatric theory (theory that is much more than speculation and much less than knowledge) and in the ways that therapists use these theories in treatment. But when the mystery is compounded by the awful silence of noncommunication between therapist and family, the family needs something other than mystification if they are to make their own kind of peace with the disorder and its treatment. They need some sense that there is order and competence in the prescriptions for treatment, some grounds for their faith and trust.

The Wechsler family did get some explanation and support from friends, from some of the doctors who agreed to talk with them, and sometimes from Michael himself. The father can speak of the "ultimate compassion" in his son's farewell suicide note.

But mystification was repeatedly visited upon the Wechsler family, deliberately and self-righteously and cruelly, by private therapists and also by policies and practices that are a part of our best private mental hospitals. There can be special kinds of torture for families who are rich enough or well-insured enough to use these small, exclusive, heavily staffed mental hospitals. In such hospitals the lives and minds and feelings of the family are often explored and analyzed and picked to help establish "formulations" for an assumed "psychodynamic" etiology of the patient's illness. It is not always clear whether this is done out of belief, or habit, or for tidiness, or for the establishment of a basis for treatment, or for training purposes.

Here again is the fundamental difference between physical and mental illness: Families of the mentally ill suffer agonies of self-doubt, guilt, and shame. If it is easy to speculate why this should be so, it is harder to understand why professional staffs in mental hospitals find it necessary to drag the families of patients ever deeper into the quicksands of guilt, while protesting—and no doubt sometimes believing— that they are doing just the opposite. Dr. Leon Eisenberg once said with irony and compassion, "Guilt is the most useless of commodities." It is a pity that more doctors charged with the training of psychiatrists and social workers do not share that view, for guilt, especially when continuously reinforced, is a terrible burden.

Mercifully, the Wechsler family is not overwhelmed with guilt or shame. Perhaps because of this, and also because James Wechsler is a superb thinker and journalist, matched in strength and courage and will by his wife and daughter, they were able to write this forthright and generous account of the life and death of Michael. We can only thank them for their generosity in laying bare in this public book their very private lives and doubts and questions, and hope that somewhere, somehow, it will make a difference.

Joseph Brenner is a staff psychiatrist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

THE MUGGING
by Morton Hunt
Atheneum, 488 pp., $10

Reviewed by Stanley Klein

As elderly Alexander Helmer, his left arm laden with groceries, unlocked the door of his rent-controlled apartment in the Bronx, three Puerto Rican youths, who had slipped into the building, rushed the old man, shoved him into the kitchen, and shut the door. Downstairs, a fourth accomplice played lookout. When Helmer foolishly resisted the boys and began to shout for help, one of them, in panic, plunged a knife four times into the old man's frail body. Alexander Helmer was mugged to death, a victim of the crime that city dwellers fear most.

After an old-fashioned 'cops and robbers' roundup and grilling by the police—techniques since ruled unconstitutional by the Supreme Court—

Stanley Klein, a freelance writer and book critic, is the former editor of a crime newspaper.

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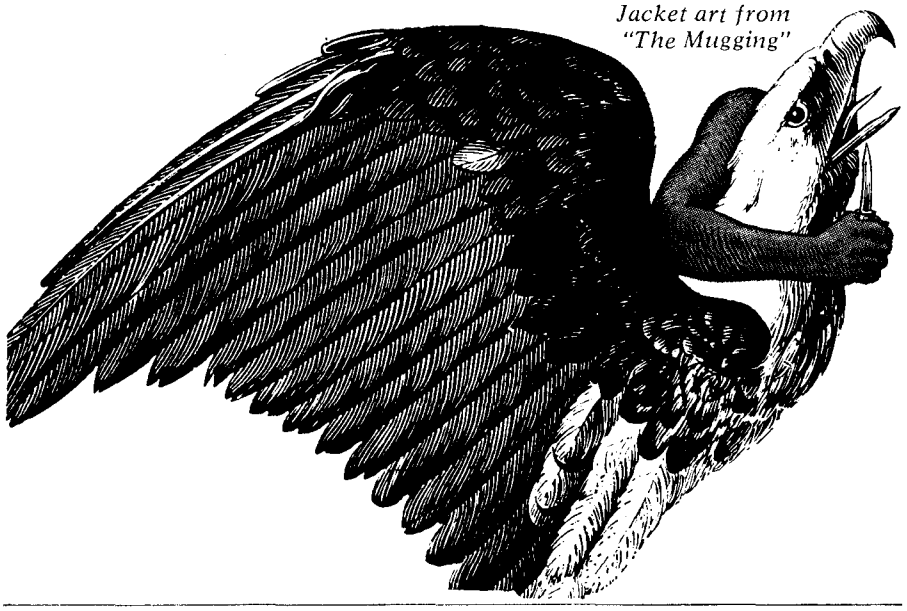
four good suspects were turned up. What happened to these alleged killers when they were swept up into our system of criminal justice is the subject of *The Mugging*.

While the murder and the subsequent investigation, prosecutions, and trials make for a gripping narrative, Hunt more importantly uses the case as a springboard into the murky waters of criminal justice. His thinking is to alternate chapters, describing a phase of the Helmer case in one chapter, and then expounding on its broad national implications in the next. The result is a brilliantly executed and immensely informative book that is both a primer on the operation of our criminal justice system and an exposé of its corrupt, self-defeating ways. Hunt takes the reader through the entire system, from the local police station to the jury trial to the penitentiary.

The killing of Alexander Helmer occurred seven years ago, and the two brothers, Carlos and Alfredo Ortiz, who while in their late teens were convicted of the murder, are still in jail—they are serving life sentences and will be eligible for parole only in 1992. If the Ortiz boys had originally pleaded guilty to manslaughter, a lesser charge than the one for which they were tried (first-degree murder), as part of a deal known as "plea bargaining," they could have gotten off with a maximum sentence of five years. They would have been free by now.

Indeed, plea bargaining has become the *modus operandi* of the criminal courts; about 90 per cent of criminal cases are resolved by this expedient. Yet, the procedure, made necessary by congested court calendars, is a "wholly different method of dispensing justice than that guaranteed by our laws and idealized in our culture," Hunt writes. Were plea bargaining to be eliminated, however, the criminal justice system would completely break down.

Other inequities are rife in the system. As Hunt recounts the murder, neither of the Ortiz brothers did the actual stabbing; indeed, one of them was the lookout. The alleged killer, a somewhat older and more worldly young man, nicknamed Negrito, escaped indictment altogether. During the interrogations by the police, he knew enough to admit nothing, while the other three participants confessed. Although these confessions led to the conviction of two of the defendants, they proved valueless in the case against Negrito, even though all three independently accused him of the stabbing. Under New York State law, no person can be convicted of a crime solely on the testimony of accomplices;



Jacket art from "The Mugging"

there must be corroborating evidence, and in Negrito's case there was none. Thus, by confessing to a "minor" role in the crime, the convicted youths placed the noose around their own necks, rather than saving them, as they had intended. Moreover, the Ortiz brothers received their stiff sentences under a statute that states that anyone who plays a part, however minor, in a murder is as guilty as he who did the killing. (The fourth suspect was released after two "hung" juries could not agree on a verdict.)

Hunt points out that since the conviction of the Ortiz brothers in 1965, the Supreme Court has ruled that a criminal suspect has the right to have a lawyer present from the moment he is taken into custody, and that he must

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be advised of this right. Under such circumstances, it is very unlikely that the Ortiz brothers would have confessed at all.

On the other hand, it is precisely this evolving "fairness" in the law—to the ignorant, the poor, and the ethnic minorities, who tend not to know how to cope with the law—that leads Hunt finally to express faith in our criminal justice apparatus. The system overflows with hypocrisy and mediocrity, its mechanisms are seriously flawed, and crime is unchecked, but Mr. Hunt's optimism is not shaken despite his own factual account of the Helmer case, which indicts the system virtually *in toto*. "Conceivably, the notion of fairness embodied in the Constitution is unworkable," he admits at one point, and then hastily retreats, "but it is so decent, so noble, a concept that it deserves to be tried."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1994)

ERICH FROMM:
(THE ERICH FROMM)
THEORY OF AGGRESSION

Man is a passionate being, in need of stimulation; he tolerates boredom and monotony badly, and if he cannot take a genuine interest in life, his boredom will force him to seek it in the perverted way of destruction and violence. From The N. Y. Times Magazine, Sun., Feb. 27, 1972.

HOAX: THE INSIDE STORY OF THE HOWARD HUGHES–CLIFFORD IRVING AFFAIR
by Stephen Fay, Lewis Chester, and Magnus Linklater
Viking, 310 pp., $10

Reviewed by Thomas Meehan

The morning newspaper offers its usual, dreary *smörgåsbord*. The Dow-Jones average is down, the Wholesale Price Index is up, a California ecologist says that the earth can't possibly survive beyond 1981, and 120,000 Hutu peasants are reported to have been massacred in Burundi. I put aside the paper with a sigh, swallow a Thorazine, and go glumly outward to meet the bleak day. Most mornings, I have found, nothing is more depressing than reading the paper.

For a brief period a few months ago, I picked up the paper each day with excited anticipation and finished it with a bemused grin. The time I'm thinking of is, of course, that month or so last winter when the paper regularly brought another chapter in the bizarre and infinitely fascinating story of Clifford Irving and his famous book about Howard Hughes. At breakfast, over my Kellogg's Special K, I would find myself happily poring over the details of secret meetings in the Bahamas, mysterious dealings in Swiss banks, Nixonburgers, and blonde Danish baronesses. If the story of Clifford Irving and his book was nothing else, it was Happy News. Nobody was killed, shot at, or even slightly maimed. Here was a tangled, suspense-filled chronicle of what turned out to be essentially a victimless crime. After all, though McGraw-Hill lost face, it got its money back, and *Life* got several million dollars worth of free publicity. Irving himself, though he may be sent off to prison for years, became internationally famous and apparently fame is what he has most wanted out of life. All news stories should make such enjoyable reading and have such happy endings.

However, when the Irvings were no longer in the news, I realized that I was still perplexed and uncertain about many aspects of the story. Now, Stephen Fay, Lewis Chester, and Magnus Linklater, three members of the London *Sunday Times*'s "Insight" reporting team, have retold the story and cleared up all of the confusions. Since *Hoax*, which takes the form of a chronological narrative that ends with Irving's conviction in federal court, recounts events that took place as late as the middle of March and yet was already in the book stores by the end of May, it was obviously written in enormous haste. The haste doesn't show, though; I had no sense, while reading the book, of being myself the hoaxed victim of a quickie, cheap-Jack job. Instead, the tale is amusingly told in lively, literate, and seamless prose that suggests the work of one author rather than three. If the book has a major failing, it's the inevitable lack of suspense—like reading a murder mystery when you already know that the butler did it. Otherwise, *Hoax* is to be highly recommended, especially to those who, in these days of rising prices and falling bombs, are feeling nostalgic for last winter's brief season of Happy News.

Thomas Meehan is a journalist and writer of humor whose work appears in *The New Yorker* and other magazines.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

SOMEBODY ELSE

All these characters pretended to be other than what they were. Eleanor Hektoen of Chicago wants you to identify them by their actions and their authors. Answers on page 61.

1. Sydney Carton ( )	A. His disguise as a senior citizen is weakened by those outsize dentures.	a. Bible
2. Cyrano de Bergerac ( )	B. To draw gifts from hopeful heirs, he pretends to be dying, only to be hoist by his own petard.	b. Boccaccio
3. Miss Hardcastle ( )	C. Disguised as a young man, she learns of her lover's true love for her.	c. Chaucer
4. Jacob ( )	D. Disguising his voice as her lover's, he betrays his own love for a lady.	d. Dickens
5. Khlestakov ( )	E. His trick is no treat when an unrequited lover takes a red-hot revenge.	e. Gogol
6. Masetto ( )	F. He pretends to be an aristocrat and loses his head.	f. Goldsmith
7. Nicholas ( )	G. Feigning dumbness, this convent gardener enjoys a bouquet of goodies.	g. Grimm
8. Rosalind ( )	H. He proves that voice prints don't lie, even though hairy hands do.	h. Jonson
9. Volpone ( )	I. Taken for a bigwig incognito, he gets the keys to the town.	i. Rostand
10. B. B. Wolf ( )	J. She assumes the manners of a barmaid to win a bashful lover.	j. Shakespeare

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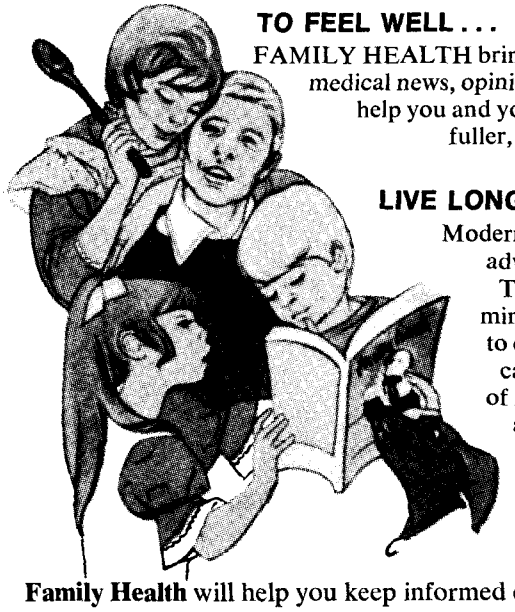

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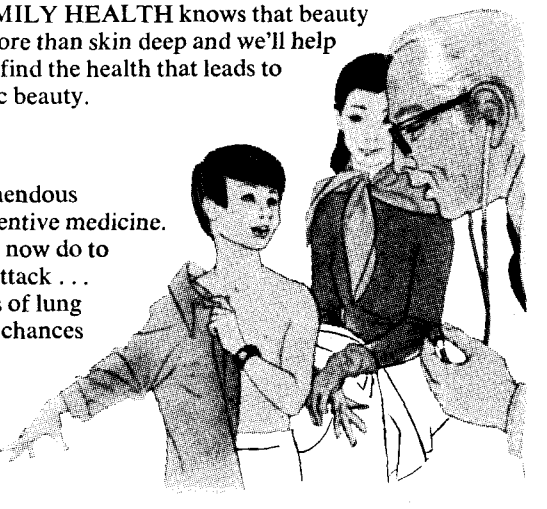

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THE OPTIMIST'S DAUGHTER
by Eudora Welty
Random House, 180 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Elizabeth Janeway

Eudora Welty's last book, *Losing Battles,* was a long, echoing, and involved exploration of the past. Now she has written a short, gripping novel that takes place, by and large, in the present. The Mississippi town that provides the setting for *The Optimist's Daughter* is no longer connected with rural life. Daughters have grown up and gone North to make their own lives and livings. Laurel Hand, who lost her husband in the war after a short, happy marriage, is a fabric designer and sufficiently successful to be able to leave her Chicago studio for a spell to go home when her father, Judge McKelva, allows that he has eye trouble and is consulting a doctor.

Retired from the bench, widowed for ten years, at loose ends, Judge McKelva has recently remarried. His second wife, Fay, is a Snopesian waif from a typing pool. Illiterate, insensitive, greedy, selfish, on the make, she is so awful that one ceases to wonder what the Judge can see in her: Obviously, it is nothing that can be plumbed by reason. He dotes on her, says an old friend. To put up with Fay, he would have to. In short, the wise, wry patriarch of Mount Salus, Mississippi, has proclaimed himself a fond, foolish man.

Mount Salus, however, is small enough and old enough to accept a man as both wise and foolish. Such small towns retain the folk wisdom, which recognizes that human beings cannot be summed up under one rubric. They retain, too, the old courtesies that keep friendships intact over the years. Laurel's mother, Becky, was as deeply loved as is the Judge. Fay is deplored, but, for the Judge's sake, she is allowed her uneasy place.

Of course, that can't last. What Fay might have made of the marriage one will never know, for the Judge dies in a hospital in New Orleans after an operation for a torn retina. Does Fay induce his death? It seems likely. A husband immobilized by doctor's orders, guarded by nurse and daughter, and unresponsive to his wife's tricks and wiles—this is nothing Fay has bargained for. One night—Mardi Gras night not by coincidence—she throws herself on the motionless old body. "I tell you enough is enough!" she cries. "This is my birthday!" Shocked by a demand to which he cannot respond, he collapses. Laurel, rushing in, sees the blood flush his face, and realizes that his intense, purposeful concentration on recovery, which has been keeping him alive, is over.

Laurel and Fay return to Mount Salus for the funeral, the town floods in, memorial voices contradict each other, farce and tragedy crowd together onstage. Against this background and that of her own memories of youth and her mother's painful death, Laurel tries to find herself and to understand what has happened, for the one implies the other. Unless she can feel her way into, and through, the past, she cannot escape it, and go forward. This is the task she faces in a night of final confrontation with Fay.

Although this all sounds a little like soap opera, it isn't, for Eudora Welty can show us the force and reality of the accidents of life. Laurel's confusion of loyalties is delicately set straight. The Judge's two marriages become clear. We learn that Becky's demands were, in their way, as great as Fay's and that even the Judge's deep love for his first wife could not save him from a betrayal of her that was as much a part of his temperament as Fay's greed is of hers. His very "optimism" rejected the tragic view of life to which Becky came, and so he was, in the end, unable to enter the world of despair in which she found herself and give her the comfort she needed. Love, it appears, is not a cure for the human condition.

Is there any cure? The voice that comes nearest to asserting such a thing belongs to none of the principal actors, but to an elderly spinster schoolteacher, Adele Courtland, the Judge's next-door neighbor, who has obviously (though it is unsaid) loved him all her life. One of those women Miss Welty draws so well, Adele has by the clarity of her moral perceptions found her way through a life of seeming denial and loneliness to a state of serene wisdom. She has moved beyond the muddle (as E. M. Forster calls it) of personal emotions, fears, and desires that torment Laurel and is able to see a truth big enough to include justice. She can draw honest anger from Laurel over what Fay has done; at the same time, she can insist that Fay's behavior can't be condemned by Laurel's standards. For Fay is a victim of culture shock, representing a new class challenging the Establishment and driven wild by its "good taste."

If I have any fault to find with the book, it is that Miss Adele doesn't say this louder. The portrait of Fay here is so hostile that the casual reader may simply dismiss her out of hand. Most of the time we are inside Laurel's head, and, of course, Laurel can't be fair to Fay. What we are given is a small-minded, utterly unfeeling, nasty, grasping little shrew, liar, and bitch. Such unrelieved blackness distorts the novel. From the first moment we meet Fay, she neither does nor says anything redeeming, until one suspects that the weight of dislike she bears is less deserved than bestowed by the author.

This is a queer and unsettling portrait to find in Miss Welty's writing, for her feeling for rejects and discards has so often given humanity to the most unlikely characters. Fay's fault, says Laurel, is that she has never learned how to feel. This is indeed a fault; but over and over again Laurel displays her own inability to feel that Fay is a member, with herself, of the human race. In Laurel's story—and this is Laurel's story—Fay is only a foil, a tool. The Judge and one other fond, foolish old man are seen to take Fay seriously, but as a "little woman" in need of protection, one senses, not as a person. Only Miss Adele does that. One can say that Laurel has not yet reached Adele's wisdom, that this tale simply records a step on the way that may lead there; but, even so, the resolution of the book is not satisfactory. We are left with Laurel's rather condescending and orthodox view of Fay, which Miss Adele's more sober voice is too quiet to contradict.

In the years since Faulkner introduced us to the Snopeses of this world (in *The Hamlet*), it has become almost too easy to hate them—virtually by reflex action. Well, unattractive as Snopeses may be to those who think they are better, easy condemnation is more than unattractive; it is immoral. Every time we declare the Snopeses alien to us, we diminish our humanity.

Eudora Welty—shows us "the force and reality of the accidents of life."

Elizabeth Janeway, the author of *Man's World—Woman's Place: A Study in Social Mythology,* is now at work on a novel, tentatively entitled *Ruth and Naomi.*

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WIT TWISTER NO. 278

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The carcass — — — —, exposed
on granite shelves

Which, on these — — — —, are
formed of splintered rocks.

Small animals — — — — out
among themselves

The — — — — left for them by
the sated fox.

A. S.

(Answer on page 62)

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1513

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1513 will be found in the next issue.

D UPDHQPC JAAU BN AQP RYA

YDN HPDC PFPHELYBQT DQC

NBOZUE HPOPOKPHPC BL.

KBUUBQTN

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1512

The future is no longer what it used to be.

F. Hollander

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1Fd (*A Tale of Two Cities*), 2Di, 3Jf (*She Stoops to Conquer*), 4Ha, 5Ie (*Inspector General*), 6Gb (*Decameron*), 7Ec (*Miller's Tale*), 8Cj (*As You Like It*), 9Bh, 10 Ag (*Red Riding-Hood*).

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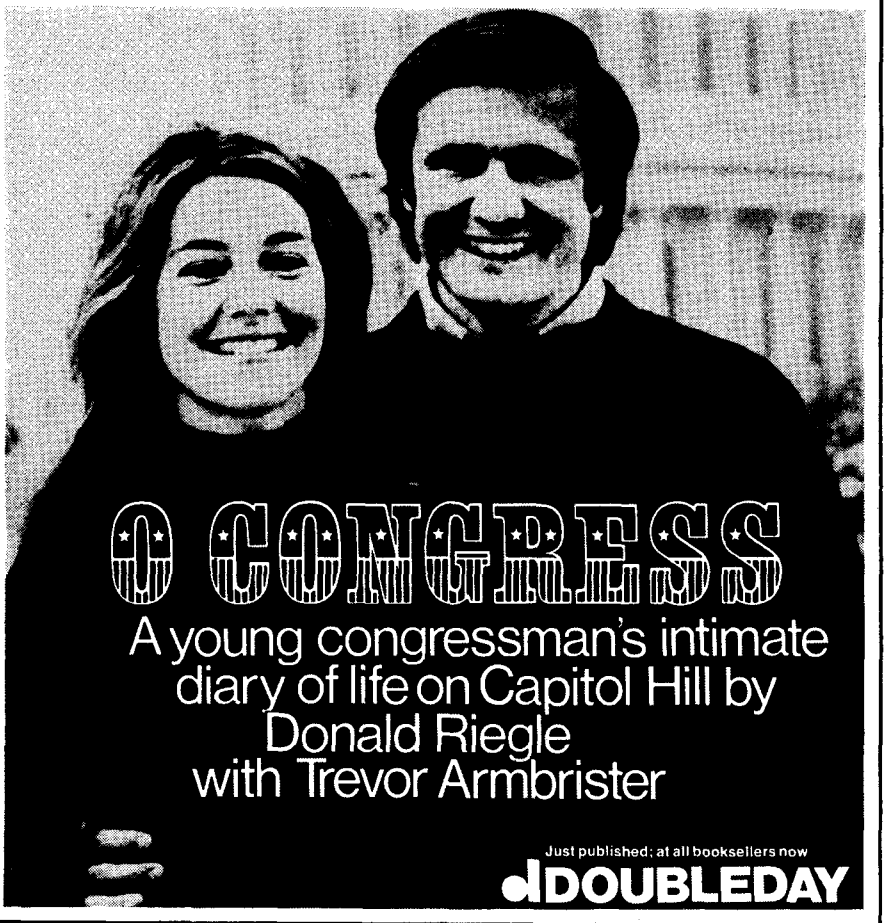
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BOOK BUSINESS

BY ALAN GREEN

The modern American drugstore paperback was born in 1939, when Pocket Books published a first list laced with such fine novels as *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and *The Good Earth.* While these set an immediate precedent for paperback publication of quality titles that had been hugely successful as hardbacks and subsequent movies, the majority of the early paperbacks (selling for 25¢) were less substantial fiction and nonfiction on the mass magazine level, plus such popular classics as *Wuthering Heights* and the better-known of Shakespeare's plays (for the "I always meant to read that" market).

During World War II, The Council on Books in Wartime, composed of American publishers and authors, made available to the government, at cost and free of royalties, some of the best contemporary works, as well as classics, in paperbound books known as Armed Services Editions. On lonely ships, at air stations, and in barracks far from other entertainment, multitudes of young Americans who had given up literature in high school under the impression that all books were *Silas Marner* discovered the joy of reading. Under the GI bill many went on to college, where their new-found habit became more deeply ingrained.

By mid-century the American mass-market paperback had surpassed in volume that of overseas publishers, notably Penguin and Tauchnitz, which had shown the way. The business has become so big that paperback houses offer as much as $300,000 to $500,000 for the reprint rights to best-selling hardbacks. Although publishers have been bidding high for years, lately their bids have been running 30 per cent ahead of those in 1970 and '71.

Some of today's biggest-selling paperbacks are transient and trashy—which doesn't mean hard-core pornography. (Contrary to popular myth, the porn market is relatively tiny: According to *The Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography*, it accounts for less than 1.25 per cent of all mass-market paperback sales.) However, many top sellers are of real merit. Here are just a few examples published in the last decade that have sold from half a million to twenty times that amount:

Barbara Tuchman's *The Guns of August* (Dell), more than a million; Robert Ardrey's *African Genesis* (also Dell), more than 700,000; Alvin Toffler's *Future Shock* (Bantam), more than 3 million. Avon has sold more than a million copies of Albert Speer's *Inside the Third Reich*; Pocket Books, more than a half million of Ramsey Clark's *Crime in America* and 1.5 million of Henri Charrière's *Papillon.* Bantam has printed more than 2 million of Charles Reich's *The Greening of America,* as has New American Library of Claude Brown's *Manchild in the Promised Land.*

And what about fiction? Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (Bantam) has topped 900,000. Two of Hermann Hesse's novels (also Bantam) have each sold about a million. Dell has by now printed 1 million-plus of *The Collector* by John Fowles and more than a million of his novel *The Magus.* NAL has turned out 2.5 million of the English writer's latest book, *The French Lieutenant's Woman,* and their edition of William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner* is past 1.5 million. Fawcett has sold more than 3.25 million of John Updike's *Couples,* nearly 1.7 million of his *Rabbit Run,* and 1.5 million of Saul Bellow's *Herzog.* Three-quarters of a million copies of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s *Slaughterhouse-Five* have been sold by Dell, whose edition of Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* is now at 5 million. Leading them all, 10.5 million are now in print of Fawcett's paperback of Mario Puzo's *The Godfather.*

What's causing so many huge sales? The economy, which is pushing hardbacks up into the $6 to $10 range? Only partly, say the publishers and booksellers I've talked to. Today's mass-market paperback, at $1.25 to $1.95 and more (*The Godfather* goes for the in-between price of $1.65), costs a third to a quarter of what the hardcover original cost, whereas the old paperback at 25¢ was only an eighth or a tenth of the cost of its parent edition. One big element, everybody agrees, is the young reader: the high school and college kids, the young marrieds. Their literary tastes have grown more and more discriminating. And if, by buying paperbacks, they're spending less per book, they're spending more *on* books by purchasing them in huge quantities.

The biggest element is distribution. Paperbacks are available not only in bookstores but also at drugstores, discount houses, stationers, airports, railroad and bus stations, as well as on many street-corner newsstands—wherever there are passersby and a few racks can be accommodated.

Most good books in paperback don't fare as well as the successes cited; a number of greatly admired current authors sell fewer than 50,000 in reprint. The covers of the leftovers are ripped off and sent back to their publishers for full credit (for a while racketeers were counterfeiting covers for a now-ended phony return scheme). Why are so many paperbacks unsold? Because too many firms are issuing too many paperbacks in the vain hope of getting a fair share of too little shelf space. But the reprinters assure me that burgeoning sales of the big and almost-big books offset these negative factors.

There's another success story in the so-called quality paperback—the thoughtful (sometimes scholarly) book—priced at two, three, or more dollars—which isn't sold on newsstands and whose sale is often astonishing.

A new note in travel books is about to be struck. It may well change "X marks my room" to "X rates the establishment."

This month, *Mankoff's Lusty Europe* is going to be published under the explicit subtitle *The First All-Purpose Guide to Sex, Love, and Romance.* Concentrating on those entertainments that the Louvre and the Uffizi only occasionally hint at pictorially, it lists places, practices, rates, and (where available) phone numbers, plus a wealth of personal anecdote and cultural history unearthed by Allan Mankoff in his years devoted to further proof that travel is broadening.

He offers detailed descriptions of more than 1,500 establishments, ranging from bars and bordellos, clubs, and discotheques to lovers' restaurants—the likeliest areas in which to encounter attractive girls and/or men. Among the cities whose hidden charms are evaluated are London, Paris, Amsterdam, The Hague, Munich, Berlin (East and West), Hamburg, Prague, Vienna, Salzburg, Rome, Madrid, Barcelona, Copenhagen, and Stockholm.

According to Richard Seaver, formerly head of Grove Press, editorial division, and now publishing in association with Viking, Mankoff's attitude is that of the sportscaster rather than voyeur; his book is not primarily a guide to prostitution (though that's included) but a directory to the out-of-the-way, the unknown, the things many tourists want to know about but are afraid to ask. Mankoff tells what's legal and what's illegal and how to keep out of trouble. He stresses the elegance of European vice, contrasting it to grubbier domestic brands. There's even a bit about a chain of German brothels whose stock is about to go public—a case where getting in on the ground floor isn't really good enough. □

Answer to Wit Twister, page 61: rots, tors, sort, orts.

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Films

The Filmed Play

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

If there is any one kind of movie to which I have an instinctive aversion, it is the film that has been derived from a successful play. Hollywood has a favorite axiom, "Don't tinker with a success"; and I have one, too, that derives from this attitude: The more successful the play (financially), the less successful the movie (artistically). There is little likelihood that the fundamental structure of the play will be altered to accommodate the special needs, much less to take advantage of the vast potentials, of the motion picture camera.

And yet every once in a while a movie like *Butterflies Are Free* comes along to remind us that there is no such thing as a hard and fast rule for the arts. *Butterflies Are Free*, based (closely) on Leonard Gershe's long-running play, not only was adapted for the screen by Gershe himself but was directed by Milton Katselas, who also directed it on Broadway. By all odds, the combination should have added up to disaster, especially since the script confines itself pretty much to Don Baker's shabby apartment, with only an occasional glimpse into Jill Tanner's flat next door. Nevertheless—partially through the strength of the performances, partially through the credibility of Gershe's characters, and partially because Katselas has mobilized his camera with rare sensitivity—the film emerges as a touching and valid experience. Perhaps not precisely a *film* experience, but that is splitting hairs again.

At this point Gershe's comedy-drama has run so long that, between road companies and summer stock, probably everyone in America knows that it concerns a blind young man (Edward Albert) who has set up housekeeping for himself in order to avoid being totally suffocated by his domineering mother (Eileen Heckart), a successful author of children's books. He knows every inch of his apartment so well that his new and nosy neighbor (Goldie Hawn) believes for quite a while that he is sighted. Essentially amoral, the girl is moved as much by pity as by love when she takes him into her bed. The mother is less than pleased and resorts to everything short of mayhem (she is much too much a lady for that) to get the girl out of her son's life. Gershe's quiet triumph lies in his ability to make each character (including the mother) wholly understandable and sympathetic so that we really care about the outcome when they start to vie with each other. When Jill finally sets off with another young man, we even hope that somehow she will undergo a change of heart.

In a story of this sort, performance can make all the difference; and while the pivotal mother role has become highly popular with glamour personalities, such as Gloria Swanson (the current Broadway incumbent), producer M. J. Frankovich was singularly well advised to go with the less flamboyant, more believable Eileen Heckart—who, besides possessing other assets, is able to suggest a woman who indeed might be capable of writing successful children's books. Edward Albert, making his screen debut, is quietly appealing as the self-sufficient son; wide-eyed Goldie Hawn intriguingly modulates from the scatterbrained, hoydenish, hippie girl who opens the film to a soberly aware young woman who can face responsibilities in the end. Special mention must also be made of Robert Clatworthy's production design, which, abetted by Charles B. Lang's fluid camera work, ingeniously avoids the claustrophobia that a one-set play might induce. The clutter of furniture, the mottled and peeling walls, the windows of colored glass all produce fresh, kaleidoscopic patterns that keep the eye from tiring. This may not be filmmaking so much as the cinematization of a play—but whatever you want to call it, it works.

Actually, "cinematization" is the key word—the rethinking of a play in terms of what the camera might do with it—and I truly regret that this same process was not applied to *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, a far loftier and more ambitious project than *Butterflies Are Free*. As written by Father Daniel Berrigan, one of the "nine," the play was a form of direct theater, with members of the audience invited to fill the jury box each evening, speeches addressed directly to the spectators, and the ritualistic aspects of the trial underscored by a setting that was part courtroom, part cathedral. The defendants in the Catonsville case had acted out of conscience and religious conviction. In the courtroom they were addressing the conscience of America.

Unfortunately, none of this quite works in the film adaptation. Expediency may be one explanation. The play is a polemic, and a key factor in any polemic is getting it before the public while the issue is still meaningful and immediate. Movies generally take a long time to make—unless you are willing to settle for a practically instant replay of a work that has already been staged, which seems to be the case in this instance. The stylized cathedral-courtroom setting, for example, completely loses its impact, for movie audiences are not at all accustomed to looking for symbols in the scenery. The speeches, generally addressed directly to the camera, become uncomfortably hortatory, or somewhat smug and self-righteous ego trips. The jury—in every sense the people's surrogate—is merely a faceless, voiceless conglomerate that is casually glimpsed from time to time.

Since my own sympathies are unabashedly with the Catonsville nine, I found myself wishing that the film, working as a film, could have accomplished what its makers obviously and sincerely intended. Why retain a setting that drains away the sense of reality and immediacy that this sort of thing requires? Why not use the jury by addressing the speeches to it and by having its faces respond with all the cross-currents of emotion that are currently tearing the American people? I think, as a matter of fact, that a good deal more attention might have been given to Father Berrigan's script itself, which loads every encounter in favor of the defendants. In a medium such as the movies, the objective should be to reach the audience emotionally and intellectually and to make it change. I realize that Father Berrigan took his text from the trial transcripts, but I feel that, if he had made more worthy opponents of the judge and, especially, the prosecuting attorney, he might have built a more engrossing and engaging case for himself and his co-defendants. What was needed was the vigorous intellectual confrontations of a Bernard Shaw; what we get is the alienating theater of a Bertolt Brecht.

Nevertheless, one can only salute the prime movers in this venture—producer Gregory Peck, director Gordon Davidson, photographer Haskell Wexler—for their selfless devotion to a timely and meaningful film □

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Guyana: Three Points of Eden

BY JAN CAREW

Fifteen minutes south of Trinidad by jet one catches one's first glimpse of the wild coast of South America—green forest reaching down to a viscous, amber sea. The waters to the north are blue-green and translucent; here they are heavy with silt from the rivers of Venezuela, the Guianas, and Amazonas. The wild coast wears the same primordial face that it did when the first Carib marauders set eyes on it, and later when Columbus, Vespucci, Raleigh, and other European explorers followed in their wake. It is a coast that casts an immediate spell on those who visit it; yet it is almost unknown to tourists.

When Columbus first sailed his caravel across these amber waters, he mused that the great rivers that darkened the Atlantic must form the entry to the Earthly Paradise. It was in this region that Raleigh heard about El Dorado from the conquistador Sarmiento de Gamboa. His subsequent searches through the interior for the legendary City of Gold were in vain; yet the land's natural beauty held him in thrall. In his *Discoverie of Guiana,* Raleigh wrote: "Guiana, a country that hath yet her maidenhood . . . may of all other parts be compared to the paradise of Eden."

There are three points in this Eden hidden within the now independent country of Guyana: Aquero, Wabracabra, and Paramakatoi. One can reach them by plane, speedboat, or jeep, but some of the journey must be done on foot. The hardships one is likely to encounter en route are relatively few. Mosquitoes, spiders, snakes, and the cobowra fly are inconveniences that the modern tourist tends to exaggerate all out of proportion.

The first point of Eden is Aquero, an Amerindian settlement in the Guyana northwest. There is an air strip at Aquero, but it is more interesting to travel by boats that can be rented near the mouth of the Pomeroon River. With enough supplies to last a week one sails out of the estuary of the Pomeroon across a choppy stretch of sea and into the secret waters of the Moruka. The northwest corner of Guyana is a place of countless ridges islanded in a sea of *pegasse* swamp, and the Moruka links the maze of rivers that crisscross the swamps and twist around the hills. From the mouth of the Moruka to the wall of forest in front of Warrimuri, the first stop, the river is a molasses-colored aisle leading through an endless, green cathedral. Only occasionally does a spear of sunlight pierce the arched roof to brighten the huge, blue wings of the morpho butterflies.

Disembarking at Warrimuri, I walked up a path that tunneled through the forest at right angles to the river. The darkness made me grope and stumble. When my eyes had adapted to the gloom, I noticed a group of Warau Indians waiting to escort me to their village on the heights. The Waraus are reputed to be the most skilled craftsmen and sculptors in the entire littoral of northern South America. The headman or captain of the Waraus, a short man with a huge torso and spindly legs, drunk and dreaming his life away, offered me a drink of sour *piwari,* a popular Indian drink made from grated cassava roots. "A perfect drink," he assured me. "It makes you forget and gives you protein at the same time." The headman's conversation was uneven. "My people got nowhere to hide no more," he burst out. "They're tearing down the roof of the forest and taking the darkness away from us, civilizing us. We're a people who need an everlasting darkness. Too much exposure can only make us rot like ripe fruit in the sun."

The Moruka meanders crazily as one leaves Warrimuri. The sun seems to dance in the sky; at one time it is directly ahead; then it dodges behind or shifts to the right or the left. I first saw Aquero—half a day's journey from Warrimuri—in the late afternoon. Ite palms grew everywhere. Parrots, toucans, and raucous macaws were flying close to the treetops, and a harpy eagle—a black speck that expanded and contracted as it flapped its wings—ruled the empty sky.

That afternoon, Jojo—a Carib who is a musician, sculptor, and the most famous axman in the Guyana northwest—befriended me after suggesting that we might be related in some distant fashion. (Although the Aquero Indians call themselves Spanish Arawaks, they are, in fact, a mixture of Spanish, Arawak, Warau, Carib, and Negro. The dominant cultural and racial influences are those of the Caribs and Arawaks.) Jojo asked me if I would like to cool off by going for a swim in the Moruka. I said I would. Before we took the plunge, however, Jojo slapped the water's still surface with the flat part of his cutlass blade—to drive away electric eels, he explained. The Moruka and its verging swamps are infested with them.

Later, a priest from the nearby Santa Rosa Mission paddled his canoe up to the landing. An emaciated, toothless young Englishman, a Jesuit burnt dry by the sun, he stopped to chat with us in a desultory fashion. I do not remember the details of his conversation, but there was an infinite caution implicit in everything he said. When he had paddled away into a night fragrant with coffee blossoms and filled with the cries of wild birds, Jojo said, "They keep warning us that the black rulers in Georgetown going to take away the Indian lands, but, pardner, thief from thief makes God laugh. The white people took the land from us in the first place. Anyway, thank God, this land hard to reach—the city people don't want it, and the tourist don't want it, and I hope they stay just like that."

That night the alien sounds of a juke box pierced the air. A young man had brought it from the mines at Arakaka, the place of Wild Dreams. "Arakaka is a place where sane people go crazy," Jojo said derisively. "This Carib fellow, Ituha, go there and work like a brute for the Yankees for two years, and all he bring back is this jukebox which just keeping noise night and day. But by having the noise we learning how much silence we had before."

At five o'clock the next morning Jojo—who the night before had provided me with a lantern to keep the vampire bats away—and I set out for the hills. We went to a place of singing birds, and from a hilltop he showed me the surrounding swamps and forests.

Jan Carew, a citizen of Guyana, is a freelance writer, author of several novels, and a lecturer on Third World literature.

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"All that lives must wear green," he said, "and when you peel off the green skin from the living world, then the earth becomes a graveyard."

The next morning, on my way to the landing, I looked in on Jojo—he was drunk—and passed a group of boys who were shooting arrows and blowgun pellets at a white spot on a purple-heart tree. They were wild, sturdy, independent, in tune with their environment. As the boat pulled out, I saw the boys racing down to the river and Jojo doing a dance to the rising sun.

The second point of Eden, Wabracabra, is 140 miles up the Demerara, one of the main rivers of Guyana. The easiest way to get there is to fly from Georgetown, the capital of Guyana, to Linden, a bauxite mining town sixty miles or so upriver, and to take a speedboat on from Linden.

Opposite Wabracabra across fifty yards of dark and mirrorlike water is Tiger Hill, a hump of rock resembling a sleeping jaguar. A legend tells of how a tiger once ran down from the hills and jumped across the flooded Demerara, and how Pia, one of the children of the sun, turned it into stone as a warning to all mortal creatures against rivaling the gods in feats of power.

During the journey up the Demerara I understood the meaning of the legend: The challenge of the environment was so harsh that men reacted to it by living a larger-than-life existence. In Acquero the Indians responded to this challenge by living in harmony with the land. But in the upper Demerara, 400 miles south, the people are more aggressive and are willing to risk destruction to conquer the primordial environment. Here, the mixing of races and cultures is prodigal: African-European, Chinese, Amerindian, and East Indian. The houses at Wabracabra are always open. Strangers are always welcome. On the trail leading into the village I met Buddy Rich, the greatest hunter, tracker, and guide in the upper Demerara.

Buddy Rich is a big, agile man with a drooping Mandarin mustache. He took me to his house ten miles or so downriver at a place called Tibcouricouyaha. His children, all six of them, had swum out to the huge rocks in the middle of the river and were sunning themselves like lizards. The boatman and I had brought our food with us—one always does when traveling away from the coast—and our host gave us a room, where we promptly slung up our hammocks.

"The government sending settlers upriver every day," Buddy Rich said, after I had reassured him that I was only a visitor. "The other day, two black Americans pass through. The government give them a land concession upriver. Only He who create the land has the right to dispose of it. A black government giving strangers Indian land—what's the difference between them and the whites?"

"But you're half-black," I said.

"So long as the Indians are at the bottom—they calls us 'bucks'—they laugh at us, say that we can't be trusted to rule ourselves. The black government in Georgetown doing more for us than a white one ever did. But why should anyone do anything for us? Why don't they just leave us alone."

Buddy Rich took me on a three-day walk. We went to a mountain lake, where the ancestral spirits live. The water was blue and very cold. Buddy Rich gazed at the water; then, lifting his eyes to the giant mora and greenheart trees around the lake, he said calmly, "They civilized us by leaving clothes infested with smallpox in our villages."

"They?"

"The English . . . but that was some time ago. They found gold. Those people suffer from a sickness that only gold can cure."

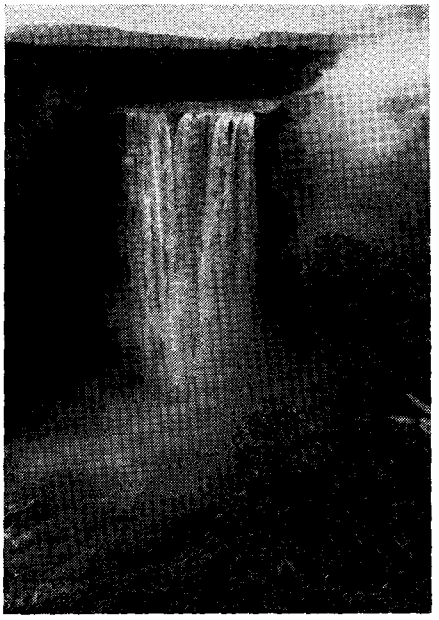
Cicadas sang around us, and tinamous began their afternoon mating songs.

"Put your ear close to the ground," Buddy Rich said, "and you'll hear the ancestors weeping."

But all I heard was the piercing melodies of the tinamous and cicadas singing to the setting sun.

The third point of Eden is Paramakatoi. You can rent a small plane for the trip at an air strip outside Georgetown, but first you need written permission from the commissioner for interior development to visit lands reserved for the Indians. (Tourists, who are extraordinarily scarce in Guyana, appear to encounter little difficulty in obtaining this permission.) An American bush pilot flew me on a chartered trip to the air strip at Paramakatoi. The monotony of green treetops was broken by the spectacular gorge of the Kaieteur Fall; then the fall itself —almost five times the height of Niagara—came into view. The color of the Potaro River turns from vivid amber to dazzling white as it cascades down the 900-foot cliff face.

Kaieteur Fall is an awesome sight.



Surrounded by the magical mountains of the Pakaraima range, Paramakatoi is a place where rainbows sometimes ring the sky from noon to night, where each day may have several kinds of weather. All around the villages, steep trails lead up through farms and forests and sacred groves. If only Raleigh—who seems to have come within forty miles of Paramakatoi—had pushed on to the southeast, he would have found his Eden. The Patamoona Indians are the guardians of this corner of Paradise. Jealous of the marvels that surround them, they are deeply secretive about their culture and their language.

Ray, a young Patamoona with hair as black as a marudi's wing and eyes like dark quartz under running water, was my constant companion. He had been adopted by my mother when he was a baby. Ray took me on journeys to the sacred places and to a gigantic silk-cotton tree revered by the Patamoonas. It is more than 250 feet high and 35 feet in diameter at its base. A rainbow boa was coiled around a branch of the great tree; its colors blended perfectly with the orchids blossoming around it.

Ahead of us, on a sharply climbing trail, an old man was carrying a great load of yams and fruit and venison on his head in his *wareshi.*

"How does he manage to carry all that weight?" I asked, for the load looked heavy enough to make even a young man stagger.

"He sends his mind away from his body," Ray replied. "The *wareshi* harness presses against his brain, and the mind leaves the body. When he goes home, he'll meet the dreams he sent there so he wouldn't feel tired. We all turn home into a bank of dreams, and when we're away, walking the trails, we send more and more dreams back there." Perhaps this was what Raleigh stumbled upon on the marches to El Dorado, and perhaps that is why he had to return again and again to search for his Paradise. □

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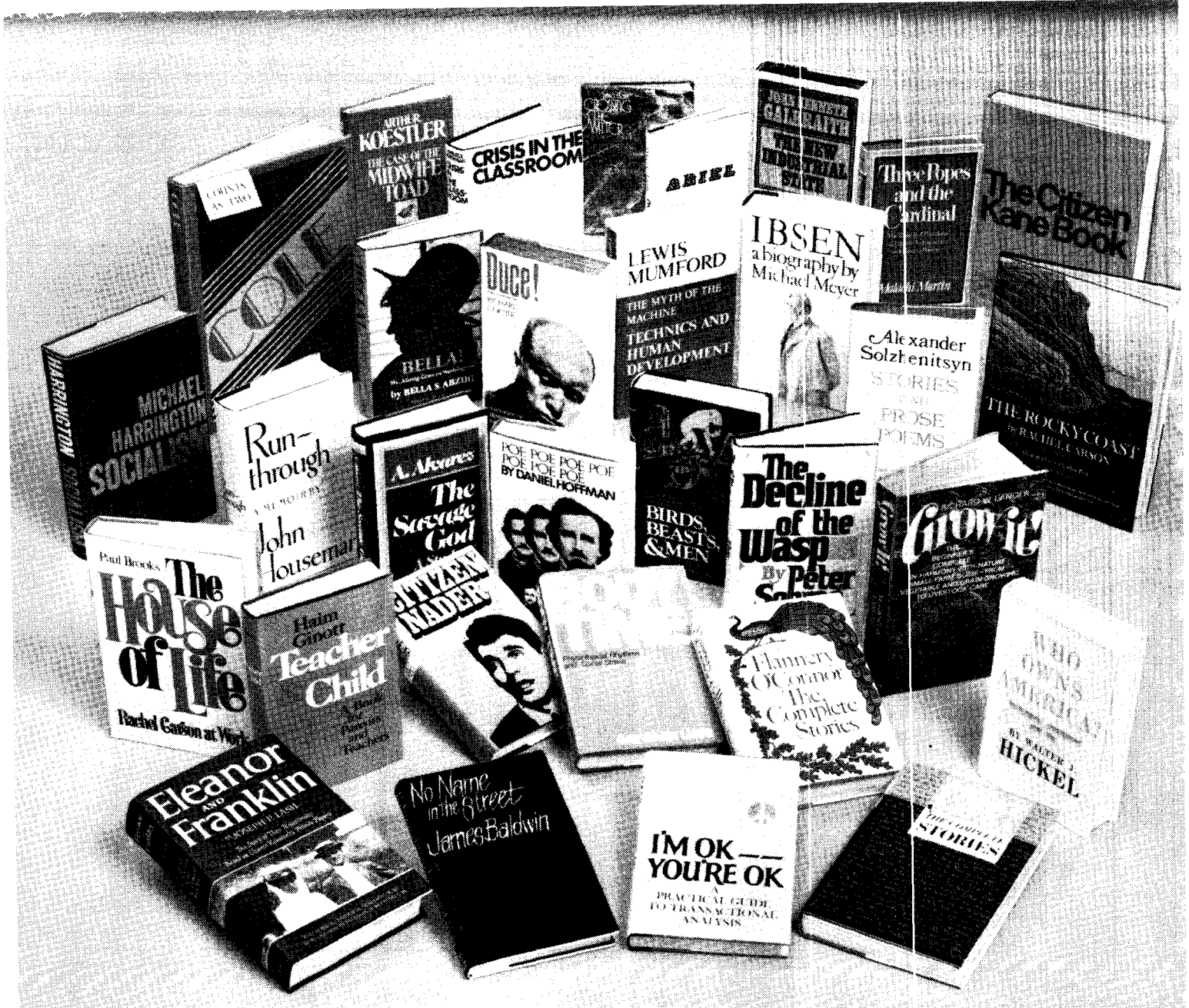

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Music

Four-Star "Rigoletto"; Rising Violinist

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Rudolf Bing's administration is now a part of Metropolitan Opera history, as is the Verdi Festival that brought it to an end. Not all of it was performed as promised—no Tebaldi, no Ghiaurov, no Gobbi—but it left one spectacular success as prepayment on future pleasure. This was the treatment of *Rigoletto* in which Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, and Sherrill Milnes sang the principal roles for the first time in New York and Richard Bonynge made his initial appearance as its conductor in this country.

Of the expectations aroused by this uncommon combination of components, some took their expected course, others didn't. First among the latter was a reminder, after a long lapse of such credibility, that it is possible for the Duke of Mantua to be more than a cad with a talent for cadenzas. From the opening "Questa o quella" to the last offstage reprise of "La donna è mobile," Pavarotti depicted the Duke as something of an oversexed boy, with a nature as lusty as his voice and a physical frame to bear the burden of both. Such naturalism added to Pavarotti's rising reputation as the most outgoing, audience-engaging tenor to be heard here in years.

After three acts of fine singing, Pavarotti surprised his viewers by turning his ample back to them and flexing his broad shoulders as the orchestra played the familiar introduction to "La donna è mobile." He was not only mocking the average tenor's pretensions to masculinity but preparing the way for a soaring, rocketing outburst of sound that left no doubt who is today's No. 1 lyric tenor. For his part, Milnes demonstrated that he is as apt for the challenge of Rigoletto as he is for the other roles in which he has become the current equivalent of Tibbett, J. C. Thomas, Leonard Warren, and other great American-born baritones of the past.

It was a shock to hear the maidenly Gilda's entrance words, "*Mio padre*," pronounced with the weight and breadth of sound that Miss Sutherland commands. But as one scene succeeded another and the artistry of her effort took fuller form, the clear evidence emerged that Miss Sutherland's risky venture was a solid success. This was not so much for the ways in which it differed tonally from most other Gildas of high rank. Rather it was for the extent to which it surpassed them musically and dramatically as well as vocally. In the fifteen years since she last sang the role in Covent Garden, Miss Sutherland has learned to live with her big frame and substantial weight, to make them part of a characterization uniquely her own.

As might be imagined, her "Caro nome" was faultlessly sung, with a beautiful trill to satisfy those hungry for that final high note *not* in the score, which she omitted as dramatically inappropriate. To my taste, her "Tutte le feste" in the next act (describing Gilda's implication in the sad relationship with the Duke) was lacking in the pathos others have imparted to it. But from the following "Vendetta" duet with her father through to the end (including the famous quartet), the weight in the voice was molded to a dramatic design rarely found in the Gildas of the conventionally good-looking, light-voiced sopranos.

Doubtless the musical cohesion in this performance, for which Metropolitan rehearsal time was minimal, relates to a recorded project with the same principals and conductor that London is promising for fall release. By the measure of such finished performers of their parts as Pavarotti and Sutherland, Milnes's Rigoletto still is only well begun. He has mastered the jocular tone for the first scene and the expressions of affection for his daughter that follow. But the bitterness of the old man, grieved by her seduction, requires more emotional resource than Milnes now commands.

On the other hand, it was a great tribute to the growth of Bonynge as a conductor that he functioned primarily to the advantage of a vital, forward-moving performance of the cast as a whole, and only indirectly in the special interest of his wife as Gilda. Prime results were also achieved in their secondary roles by Ruggero Raimondi as Sparafucile and by Batyah Godfrey as his alluring sister, Maddalena.

Unlike some recent prodigies of the violin who have emanated from Seoul or Tel Aviv, Lilit Gampel, the twelve-year-old who recently made child's play of the G-minor Concerto of Bruch at a Philharmonic Promenades in Lincoln Center conducted by Andre Kostelanetz, can claim no locale more esoteric than New York as her birthplace. But her development has a touch of the exotic, nevertheless, for her talent was uncovered through the mass method of training devised by the Japanese pedagogue Shinichi Suzuki.

Gampel—"a musician of rare promise."

Score one, then, for the Suzuki method. But score two for Alice Schoenfeld, a neighbor of the Gampels, who turned a little girl of fine aptitudes into a musician of rare promise. Fortunately for her future, Lilit has not become so highly mechanized a performer that a mistake is impossible. A rough tone here, a missed interval there, were not indictments of what she is—an extraordinarily talented child—but positive indices of what she may become—a first-rate interpreter of more demanding music than Bruch's. The best endorsement she received was not from the applauding audience but from the orchestra's members.

The program also included a premiere of a new series of agreeable items by Aaron Copland titled *Three Latin-American Sketches*. About long enough to share an LP side with *El Salón México*, the "Paisaje Mexicano," "Danza de Jalisco," and "Estribillo" are neither weighty nor lightheaded. They are exactly the equivalents, in length, of the possibilities in the folk materials from which they derive. □

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Phoenix Nest

Blotching the Job

EDITED BY MARTIN LEVIN

The vacation picture post cards with the messages canceled over are starting to arrive, which shows that the U.S. Postal Service is carrying on at least one tradition of the old Post Office Department.

The object of the game, as played by postal workers during the summer season, is to stamp over as much of the message as possible, using wavy lines, overinked postmarks, and various smudges and blotches. Every post office has a selection of old smudge and blotch hand stamps on its rack, and these are brought into vigorous play over the cards.

A common trick is to run the card through the canceling machine twice. "Put 'er through again, Betsy. There's a couple words I can still read!"

Most of the marks are placed in the left-hand portion of the card, the space reserved for writing. The postal workers do try to keep one part of the card clean—the "Do Not Write in This Space" space over the address reserved for the cancel mark. Only a faint mark, if any, appears on the stamp.

It is disturbing to get a post card with Death Valley on one side and an inked-over message on the other:

"Hi, Folks: We are BLOTCH here in the desert and running out of SMEAR. All of us tried to BLUR, but so far we've been unable to INK INK INK. This is a SMEAR way to end a wonderful vacation, and I only wish we had time to BLOTCH BLUR INK SMEAR before we CANCEL CANCEL."

The final frustration is that you can't read the signature. It is covered over with what looks like a heel mark, perhaps made by the postmaster after he jumped on a giant ink pad.

Since you don't know whom the card is from, you must wait and question people one by one, when they return from their vacations. And you may have to wait until Labor Day to see if anybody is still missing.

Dereck Williamson

Hammocking It Up

You rarely hear of "hammock reading" anymore. Hammock reading seems to have gone out with the hammock, which once was a regular feature of the front porch and the back yard. The hammock seems to have been replaced by the contour chair, though the contour chair doesn't come anywhere near the hammock as a body conformer. In fact, the only rival of the hammock is the womb, the cocoon, or, for peas, the pod.

If you have ever seen anyone lying in a hammock, which sags under the occupant's weight, you will be as astonished as I was to learn that the word "hammock" is a variant of "hummock." A hummock, as you know, is a mound, ridge, or hill. A hammock, especially when someone is in it, would seem to be the very opposite of a hummock, or an upside-down hummock at best.

But back to hammock reading.

Hammock reading is something for reading in a hammock. It is therefore quite different from bedside reading, which really isn't something for bedside reading but for reading in bed. Anyone who reads alongside a bed, unless he is reading aloud to someone in bed, would appear to have odd reading habits, to say the least.

To be good for hammock reading, a book should be of the right size: not so small as to drop through the meshing, but also not so large as to be uncomfortable to lie upon while you take forty, or even fifty, winks. I remember once going to sleep in a hammock with a large, heavily bound textbook under my right side. When I woke up, I thought one of the corners of the book had pierced my rib cage. Fortunately, I escaped with no more than an unsightly bruise.

A paperback is just about perfect for hammock reading. It is small, soft, resilient. You will find it almost impossible to get a bruise from a paperback. Moreover, if you forget and leave a paperback in the hammock and someone else picks it up or it gets rained on, the loss is minimal.

When I was a boy, there were few paperbacks and lots of hammocks. Now there are few hammocks and lots of paperbacks. It seems hard to get things together.

Perhaps you should take a book out into the field and drape yourself over a mound in a very relaxed way. That, to go back for a moment to my earlier remarks on a variant of the word "hammock," would be called humnock reading.

Richard Armour

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(Continued on page 74)

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VERMONT SUMMER ARTS CENTER for amateurs and professionals. Chamber music, arts, crafts, dance, yoga. Weekly session, or longer, June 25th-August 20th. Creative vacation on a college campus in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Write: Anne Allen, Executive Secretary, Lyndon State College, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Thomas M. Middleton

No. 1995

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Earth almond	14 35 123 137 161
B. Had a restless or incessant longing	175 184 20 41 51 66 85 167
C. According to unproved assertion	179 2 17 29 54 90 186 38 157
D. Anything serving as a bulwark or defense	12 26 70 117 158 178 49
E. President of South Carolina, 1778-79	115 140 190 27 48 60 79
F. Republican Vice Presidential candidate, 1948 (full *name*)	94 118 149 3 42 61 71 110 130 188
G. Tenner	37 46 108 170 16 28 180
H. Site for a type of auto race (2 wds.)	21 44 72 144 153 168 57 121 31
I. Having its own characteristic form	43 63 74 99 165 189 126 59 105 148 40
J. Long-stemmed clay pipe	77 155 164 69 88 146 141 112 129 18 101 192
K. Arab headdress made from a diagonally folded square of cloth	89 114 67 103 127 177 6 139
L. Island in Bombay harbor, noted for six Brahmanic caves	147 160 11 64 183 76 100 120 83
M. Baton, billy (2 wds.)	143 173 152 5 52 92 104 23 122 187
N. "The fringed curtains of thine eye advance / And say what thou ____ yond." ("The Tempest")	131 151 166 182 9
O. Good-looking; ample; gracious	10 87 33 75 97 68 107 133
P. Loss of one or more sounds or letters at the beginning of a word	1 132 55 95 119 109 138 191 13
Q. Becoming slower (musical direction)	84 19 116 124 156 128 135 39 47 96 8
R. Shows fatuous fondness	24 32 56 65 162
S. Throughout; every inch; cap-a-pie (3 wds.)	34 80 73 176 58 82 136 4 78 169 7
T. Inauspicious, unlucky (comp.)	53 150 159 86 102 25 142 81 193
U. Allotted, apportioned dealt (2 wds.)	172 45 93 106 22 15 30 154
V. Increased the worth or value of	36 62 50 125 98 134 111 91
W. Locale	163 171 113 145 181 185 174

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

1 P	2 C	3 F		4 S	5 M	6 K		7 S	8 Q	9 N	10 O	11 L	12 D	13 P		14 A								
15 U	16 G	17 C	18 J		19 Q	20 B	21 H		22 U	23 M	24 R		25 T	26 D	27 E	28 G								
29 C		30 U	31 H	32 R	33 O		34 S	35 A	36 V		37 G	38 C	39 Q	40 I	41 B									
42 F	43 I	44 H	45 U		46 G	47 Q	48 E		49 D	50 V	51 B		52 M	53 T	54 C	55 P								
56 R		57 H	58 S	59 I	60 E		61 F	62 V	63 I		64 L	65 R	66 B	67 K	68 O	69 J								
70 D		71 F	72 H	73 S	74 I	75 O		76 L	77 J	78 S	79 E		80 S	81 T		82 S								
83 L	84 Q	85 B	--	86 T	87 O	88 J	89 K	90 C	91 V		92 M	93 U	94 F	95 P	96 Q	97 O								
	98 V	99 I	100 L	101 J		102 T	103 K		104 M	105 I	106 U	107 O		108 G	109 P	110 F								
111 V		112 J	113 W		114 K	115 E	116 Q		117 D	118 F	119 P	120 L	121 H	122 M	123 A	124 Q								
125 V	126 I		127 K	128 Q		129 J	130 F	131 N	132 P	133 O	134 V	135 Q		136 S	137 A									
138 P	139 K	140 E	141 J	142 T	143 M	144 H		145 W	146 J	147 L	148 I	149 F		150 T	151 N	152 M								
153 H		154 U	155 J	156 Q	157 C		158 D	159 T	160 L		161 A	162 R	163 W	164 J	165 I	166 N								
167 B		168 H	169 S		170 G	171 W		172 U	173 M	174 W	175 B	176 S	177 K		178 D	179 C								
180 G	181 W	182 N	183 L		184 B	185 W	186 C		187 M	188 F	189 I	190 E	191 P	192 J	193 T									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 56 of this issue.

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"I just got a disease nobody's supposed to get anymore."

Polio? Nobody's supposed to get polio anymore. Or measles or diphtheria, either.

Everybody knows we've licked these diseases and moved on to new problems.

Guess what, everybody. The old problems are coming back to bug us.

Reports indicate threats of epidemic polio and measles, especially in central city poverty areas and some rural areas.

Only 53% of children in the 1-4 age group in these areas have protection against measles. Only 54% have received adequate immunization against polio. And the figures for diphtheria? They are just as bad.

That's why we doctors of medicine, through our professional organization, the American Medical Association, have gone before Congress to call for new and expanded vaccination programs. We hate to see diseases we know we can prevent making a comeback.

Why are we taking a position on this legislation? Isn't that lobbying? Well, if it is, we do a lot of this kind of lobbying.

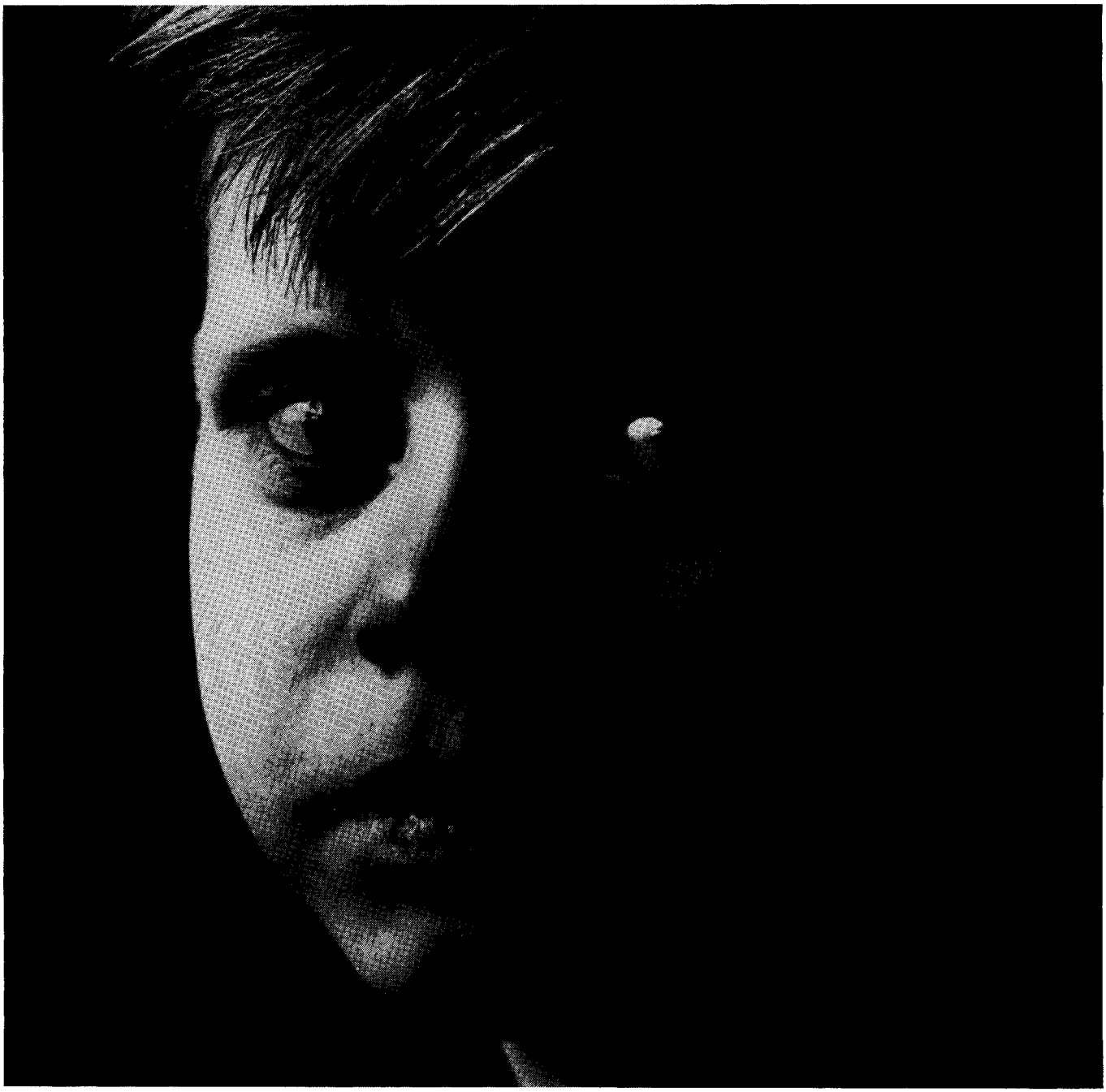
We've lobbied for clean air and water laws. For maternal and child care programs.

We've lobbied for programs to combat drug abuse and to rehabilitate addicts.

We've lobbied for more doctors. More medical schools.

We "lobby" because we must. If anybody should have a voice in this country's quality of health care, it's America's doctors of medicine.

If you would like to know more about where we stand, write for our pamphlet, WHERE DO WE STAND?, American Medical Association, Box W, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610.



America's Doctors of Medicine

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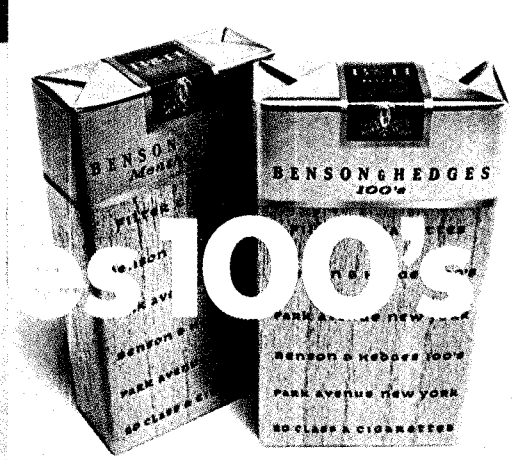
Benson & [illegible] 100's



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